

For Reference

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

Ex LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTAENSIS





THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

THE WYNDHAM LEWIS POLEMIC: THE ENEMY AS PALEFACE

by

PAULA GRACE PANTRY



A THESIS

SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH


IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE

OF MASTER OF ARTS

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

FALL, 1972



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2021 with funding from
University of Alberta Libraries

<https://archive.org/details/Pantry1972>

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH

The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research, for acceptance, a thesis entitled The Wyndham Lewis Polemic: The Enemy as Paleface, submitted by Paula Grace Pantry in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

ABSTRACT

Wyndham Lewis's *Paleface* is one of the more important of his polemical works. It exemplifies the Lewisian method of satire, while comprising an analysis of popular attitudes towards race and colour as they manifested themselves in writings of Lewis's period. These writings include philosophical, sociological, and pseudo-geographical works, as well as novels. Thus, Lewis's analysis takes both a literary and a sociological direction.

The discussion is opened with a comparative study of Lewis's publication, *The Enemy*, in relation to the formation of his polemical style of writing. This is followed by a study of Lewis's political and literary milieu, seen as a context for his writing of *Paleface*.

Chapter Three includes a study of satire and humour as the formative elements in Lewis's writing of polemic, with contrasting remarks on his critiques of works by Sherwood Anderson, D.H. Lawrence, Hemingway, and Du Bois. Special note is made of the role of satire as it defines the consciousness of a writer.

The final chapter examines the structure of *Paleface*. The focal point of this chapter is, however, the message of *Paleface*, and its social relevance, both in Lewis's time and our own.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Special thanks are given to Dr. Sheila Watson, without whose inspiration this thesis would not have been written.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Abstract	iii
Acknowledgements	iv
Chapter One The Artist as Enemy: The Tactics of	
Perversity	1
Chapter Two Lewis and His Milieu -- The Polemic	
Versus True Belief	21
Chapter Three Laughter in Lewis -- A Function of	
The Polemic Apparatus	41
<i>Paleface</i> and Satire	41
Critiques in <i>Paleface</i>	54
<i>Paleface</i> and <i>Dark Princess</i>	57
Conclusion	66
Chapter Four <i>Paleface</i> -- The Polemic of Disalienation . .	67
The <i>Paleface</i> Polemic	67
Pariah and Prophet	80
Footnotes	83
Bibliography	92
Appendix A	97
Plate I	99

Chapter One

THE ARTIST AS ENEMY: THE TACTICS OF PERVERSITY

In his lifetime, and even after death, through his work, Wyndham Lewis has proven himself to possess a remarkable facility for antagonizing his readers or public. As Robert Chapman¹ put it, "Enemies create enemies, and Lewis was, for many years, virtually boycotted by the literary establishment in England." In 1968,² F.R. Leavis referred to Lewis as the "brutal and boring Wyndham Lewis," while Graham Hough, in 1960,³ claimed, no less acidly than Leavis, that "the extraordinary bundle of detestations that go to make up Wyndham Lewis are so arbitrary that they are a monument to nothing but himself." Lewis, in short, made himself something of a pariah in his own time, and many people still find it easy to dismiss his work as "trash" without a qualm -- and often, one feels somewhat persuaded, without any too careful a reading.

. . . we must realize that in our recent enthusiasm for Lawrence and Joyce we have inadvertently paid Lewis but scant attention. Time is a jealous guardian: it regards its protégés with a paternal eye.⁴

However, Lewis's talent for alienating readers and public was only a side-shoot of a far larger talent -- namely, a talent for combining artistic, critical, and socio-historical visions into a total point of view, which finds its clearest expression in the peculiar form called, for want of a more comprehensive phrase, the Wyndham Lewis Polemic. It seems fair to claim that there is a sense in which any art form contains within itself the principle of polemic -- if, that is, one understands by "art" a process functioning in a manner compatible with the principles

inherent in Lewis's own remarks in those essays entitled "The Artist Older Than the Fish,"⁵ "The Objective of Art in Our Time,"⁶ and in pieces comprising *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*. In fact, this particular definition of art and its function is to be found in most of Lewis's work which concerns itself with art, whether directly, through the medium of criticism (as in *Men Without Art*), or indirectly, through the form of satire (as in *The Apes of God*). However, it is as easy to dismiss Lewis's definition of the purpose of art -- a definition which is never specifically stated, but which is everywhere implemented in his work -- and the sense of universal responsibility implicit in this definition, as it is to dismiss the writer as a neo-Fascist or anti-Semite. These latter charges found seed in the reaction to his writings on Hitler, but are put into some question in the succeeding writings on *The Hitler Cult*, some of the inherent themes of *The Apes of God*,⁷ by the major and formative theme in *The Childermass*,⁸ or by the polemical work *The Jews Are They Human?*

It is not surprising that, in reading Lewis's work and in writing about it, one finds oneself in a peculiarly Lewisian dilemma. Either one over-reacts to his sardonic humour, to the concentrated, Swiftian energy which epitomizes the function of "The Soldier of Humour"⁹ -- named after a figure who may, in a sense, be seen as a paradigm for Lewis in his favourite role of Writer-as-Enemy -- and subsequently, one may hasten to defend, defend, *defend* anything which Lewis attacks. On the other hand, in the face of the ignominious critical response to Lewis by leading figures of his or of our time¹⁰ (or, worse yet -- the bland, and blank silence which often greeted his writing), one may

abandon the goals of true criticism, and join what Chapman¹¹ calls "the Lewis lobby." Certainly, either the luxuries of over-reaction, or a too-zealous frenzy of good intentions, can do nothing but lead to critical failure, since, as the Formalist School attests, the greatest imaginative challenge is to see a work *as it is*, not as we, dedicated true believers, would have it. Lewis demands not "true belief,"¹³ but rather Gide's aesthetic distance. As Mr. Tomlin put it,

A creative writer, unless moved by considerations of pure vanity, does not desire recognition as such; what he not merely desires but needs is appreciation from those of a stature at least equal to his own. He requires worthy judges.¹⁴

The purpose of any critical effort or "essay" is, after all, to come to a certain judgement; judgement is not dependent solely upon exposition; there is no equation between exposition and judgement, at all, just as there is no relation between the categories of critical schools of thought and the process -- highly individual, finally -- by which particular conclusions are reached. Thus, we may see that "brilliant" is a word which can be used only advisedly, since mere verbal virtuosity, or structural ingenuity -- as Mr. Joyce has proven in *Ulysses*¹⁵ -- constitutes only a limited form of literary virtue, rather than what we may consider "brilliance."

In fact, Lewis himself demonstrates the point under discussion -- namely, the critical failure inherent in making decisions as to the "brilliance" of a pet artist -- the approach of the coterie-member-critic -- in the mock debate which appears early in *The Diabolical Principle and the Dithyrambic Spectator*, in the section entitled "The Political Philistine."¹⁶ Through this mock-debate (carried on, hypothetically,

between the editors of *transition* -- one of the publications popular among the literary establishment of the times¹⁷ -- and Lewis himself), Lewis makes some points concerning the function of literature in society, and the responsibilities concomitant upon writing, as well as concerning the logical, ideological, and aesthetic inconsistencies of the position taken up by the editors of *transition*. *transition*, editors-in-chief of which were Paul Jolas and Eugene Sage,¹⁸ was a publication which stood in the vanguard of fashionably artistic and *avant-garde* popular magazines of Lewis's day; it can well be seen as a handbook for the popularization and vulgarization of a continuing set of pseudo-artistic and pseudo-revolutionary ideas, very useful in striking poses, or in the delicate art of conversation, among those whom Lewis called the "High Bohemia" of the 'revolutionary' rich of [his] time."¹⁹ "High Bohemia" should not be taken simply as referring to the Bloomsbury Set satirized in *The Apes of God*, but rather (taking the subject of *The Apes* at its widest level) as encompassing all those whose economic qualifications, unadulterated by any amount of talent or insight, enable them to dabble in the field of art, "art" in this context being understood as merely another mass-movement, subject to fashion, advertisement, and all those conditions which accompany those factors demonstrated by Lewis in the essay entitled "The Pundit Prophet."²⁰ For Lewis, the "revolutionary rich" of "High Bohemia" consisted of

. . . that great majority who ask nothing better than to have intellectual fashions provided for them -- with little handbooks describing which way up the idea (if a 'difficult' one) should be worn, whether it should be worn with a flourish or a languish, with a simper or a pout, with fanatical intensity or an easy catholic grace . . .²¹

Clearly, Lewis's definition of this group applies just as adequately to

the "intelligentsia" of today as to the "Revolutionary Simpleton" and "High Bohemia" of his own. These are the people who, in every era, provide an avid readership for magazines like *transition*, despite, or perhaps because of the inconsistencies found in them. *transition* was, in effect, a coterie-publication, devoted to the popularization of whatever "artistic" or "political" stance seemed appropriate -- or *amusing*²² -- to its editors, themselves quite over-awed by their chosen idols (their "geniuses," in the Lewisian sense),²³ among whom Gertrude Stein, as Lewis noted in the following extract, was given a particularly high status:

In an advertisement some time ago *transition* gave a list of writers from *seventeen different countries* who contributed to its pages. The United States was the last country on the list. At the end of it, by herself, came GERTRUDE STEIN. It was written -- "Whenever she pleases, GERTRUDE STEIN contributes what she pleases to *transition* and it pleases her and it pleases us." Such signal honours showered upon a person must awaken some misgivings and questionings in the best-disposed of the public. But I will not be 'impertinent.'²⁴

Lewis's awareness of the dangers to society and to the processes of individual thought, inherent in *transition*-type pseudo-political cults and arty coteries is as evident in his remarks on "Art Movements and the Mass Idea,"²⁵ as in the following passage from the mock-debate in *The Diabolical Principle*:

P.A.J. You often have claimed, Enemy, that you belong to no party. *But you must be something! You must be something!*

L. I may be an anarchist, I don't know -- I always get the labels mixed . . .

.

P.A.J. Why aren't you a communist with a warm sympathy for anarchism, catholicism and matriarchy, also anglo-catholicism and Mrs. Eddy, determined to take over capitalism and run it non-democratically by way of dictatorship, with power of life and death added to that of sacking and confiscation, so becoming a super-capitalist,

but actually being a Worker of the World -- *an artist*, you know, and very artistic, living a little drunkenly (one must forget!) in the heart of a luxury centre -- Paris, New York or what not? Why not? You stand out because you have something up your sleeve, or so you think.²⁶

What Lewis had "up his sleeve," as the revolutionarily simplistic editors of *transition* might have put it, was nothing less than his own peculiar red badge of courage -- his self-chosen function as Enemy. Obviously, the choice of such a potentially alienating title -- and accompanying role -- must involve some important implications. These implications concern not only the nature of Lewis's publication entitled *The Enemy*, but also the nature of his goals in writing on the whole, in conjunction with his concept of the role of the writer in society. For it is in and through *The Enemy* that Lewis presents, in the accessible form of the pamphlet, the main body of much of his thought. Lewis's was an age of the manifesto and the pamphlet; and Lewis was, admittedly, his own pamphleteer:

But I became 'a pamphleteer,' to start with, in defence of my work as an artist. And I fail to see how an artist who is *outside* the phalansteries, sets, cells or cliques, can to-day exist at all, if he is not prepared to 'pamphleteer.' Only very fortunate circumstances can save him from that. *The writer or painter is isolated from the general public to an unparalleled extent, at the present time.* More than ever is it an age of sets, or of *cells* -- that *communizing* principle is at work continually, producing larger and larger, and more and more closely disciplined, *non-individualist* units. . . . If you submit to the law of the set, or the law of the *cell*, the *cell*, or set, does much of your dirty work beyond doubt. The effort is distributed. But (alas for art!) to create is to be individual. And *cells* of many members *creating* -- that is a syndicalist myth.

So I have no set or *cell* for the very reason that I am indeed an artist. Hence, if I paint a picture or write a novel, I have to be out at once, in the saddle next minute, lance in hand (my best pamphleteering pen, that is, in position) -- or *Corona* rattling away like a machine-gun -- in defence of it.²⁷

The Enemy is a publication which gives no lie to these statements, since it contains at once an explication and defence of the author's goals, as well as being, in a very basic sense, the *pamphlet-presentation* -- so to speak -- of those thoughts which comprise the contents of *Time and Western Man*, *Paleface*, and *The Art of Being Ruled*.²⁸

In his "Preliminary Note to the Public," in Volume One of *The Enemy*, Lewis demonstrates the art of "pamphleteering":

The arts and sciences (for what applies to art applies to science), if they are to survive, have to make an organization of their own. An appeal is made here for some sort of conscious co-operation. Any people interested, therefore, in the activities outlined in this paper should get into touch at once with the organization that it is here attempted to build up, and support it by some deliberate propagandist zeal; by seeing, for instance, that it obtains the publicity it requires to be effective, in the circle in which they move. The director will be glad of the opportunity of getting in touch with correspondents, and will be obliged for names and addresses of people likely to be interested in further numbers of this paper or similar enterprises.²⁹

Above all this, however, *The Enemy* was an essential means by which Lewis pursued the less immediate, and more far-reaching function of any writer in society -- the function of social observation, criticism, interpretation and guidance. Lewis's vision of the true nature of contemporary society was no less informed -- that is, illusion-*less* -- than that expressed by Eliot in his archetypal portraits of Prufrock or Sweeney, or his "hollow men." Lewis's reaction to this awful awareness was to insist on the business of "building rafts," so to speak, rather than to indulge in the futile alternative reaction exemplified by Eliot's Mr. Prufrock, who is too much a part of his milieu to dare to ask his "overwhelming question" -- that is, to confront, in a positive manner, the dislocations of his society. To do this, Prufrock would have had to leave the warm room, where

. . . The women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo³⁰

and take on himself the Lewisian function of Enemy. For social observation to become a positive activity rather than a mere rankling dissatisfaction, the observer must, first of all, be something of a hermit, psychically and perhaps even physically -- that is, he must be removed from the concerns of his milieu, both physically and spiritually.³¹ In so doing, he may become, to some extent, the type described by Benda as The "Clerc,"³² or (since "Clercs" of Benda's description are no longer so acceptable to society) he may even become something of a pariah -- as did Lewis during his lifetime. The alternative to these positions is clearly defined by Eliot's depiction of Prufrock's impotence. Here, the potential social critic, even teacher, and possibly redeemer, becomes silently locked in a futile awareness of his own participation in the guilt of his society, its failures and vanities. Lewis's portrait of René in the novel *Self-Condemed* shows the extreme of this impotence, just as does Sartre's Roquentin, in the novel *La Nausée*.

Thus, Lewis was aware of, and expressed in his conscious choice of the role of "Enemy," the necessity for the distancing of the self from the common goals and comforts of group-belonging and acceptance, and even for isolation, in order that the process of social criticism might carry within it any force or validity. Not only would such isolation be free from partiality, it would also be free from the restrictions and pressures of the interests and demands of the group, or the "cell."³³ Lewis was all too aware of the deadly effects of the imposition on art of social obligations and economic considerations, as

is clearly elucidated at the end of his career, in his writings in *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*. Nowhere, however, are these realizations as clearly defined as in his introduction to *The Enemy*, where he proffers an *apologia* -- NOT an apology -- for his choice of the role of Enemy:

. . . there is no "movement" gathered here (thank heaven!), merely a person; a solitary outlaw and not a gang. What has driven him into the bush, or out under the greenwood tree, is the usual thing. Not to build a labyrinth in the gatehouse of my paper, then, the nearest big revolutionary settlement lies some distance behind me. I have moved outside. I found it impossible to come to terms with the canons observed in it. Outside I am freer.

The advantages incident to this removal are many. First, being in solitary seclusion, with no obligations at the moment towards party or individual colleague, I can resume my opinion of the society I have just left, and its characteristics, which else might remain without serious unpartisan criticism. My observations will contain no social impurities whatever; . . . If the public is not aware of the advantages it derives from such circumstances as these, it is time it awoke to its true interest. . . .

The remarks of Plutarch on the subject of "enemies" provide a general clue to the baptism of this enterprise. From the start its name secures for it, at least, this virtue; that it does not arrive under the misleading colours of friendship or of a universal benevolence.³⁴

As Eliot made painfully clear, if the intellectual (the "Clerc," in Benda's terminology -- or, quite simply, the individual whose analytic vision does not exclude his milieu and roots) is too committed to the claims of his society, and is so saturated in the forms of his environment that he cannot adequately evaluate its content, then his critical observations will take on the aspect of presumption, or even righteousness. For such presumption or righteousness, Lewis substitutes the element of acerbic wit, the laugh of the Enemy echoing from his chosen distance; it is, however, the "laceration of laughter"³⁵ at what not merely has ceased to amuse, but what, in fact, has never amused. Presumption may well be

an ingredient in the critical stance, but it is a factor necessarily involved in the imaginative effort which is required for us to see ourselves -- since it is eventually through our own eyes that we can and must see ourselves. In the process of making this effort, we may seem to become our own worst enemy, since the truth about our world and our participation in it may take on the aspect of an inimical assault upon our vanities, hopes, or self-concepts. Thus the demand made by Lewis as Enemy is upon our vision -- but it is upon the complex act of recognition which involves more than just the purely primitive and basic function of the eye, itself a leading and loaded symbol in both Lewis's painting and writing. And this demand made by Lewis does not ignore all the inferences of the potential schizophrenia of the processes of recognition, insight and self-knowledge, as opposed to mere intellectual aplomb -- a contrast finely demonstrated in Lewis's portrait of the "Split-Man," Ratner, in *The Apes of God*.³⁶ In undertaking the role of self-styled Enemy, Lewis has made his intentions quite open. Elsewhere he has asked: "What is it that men fear beyond everything?" And he has asserted: "Obviously an open person."³⁷ The eye at which the image of Lewis-as-Enemy directs itself, or to which it appeals, is the symbolically open eye, that is, the eye of the open individual; in other words, it is the open-minded reader who will see the virtue -- in fact -- the *necessity* of Lewis's assuming the role of the Enemy. Thus E.W.F. Tomlin remarks:

If there is such a thing as a truly 'open' society, however, there must be 'open' individuals to fill it. For a society is 'open' only in so far as such individuals are numerous, active, and held in esteem. Given the imperfections of all human societies, the open individual must necessarily be something of a heretic. . . . In short, this 'friend of man' will sometimes be obliged to assume the guise of the Enemy.³⁸

Certainly, if we accept the role of the intellectual in society as being one comprising special privileges and responsibilities, the relevance of Lewis's assumption of the role of "Enemy" needs little insistent justification.

In his periodical *The Enemy* (as has been mentioned), Lewis included the gist of what comprises some of his most important polemical works. The word "polemical" is one which "would be scann'd"; and we shall scan it;³⁹ but for the moment, let us accept tentatively Tomlin's rather general division of Lewis's works into five categories:

The *corpus* of Lewis' work may be divided into four main categories: works of fiction and satire, works of speculative thought, works of socio-literary criticism, and 'polemics'. In the first category may be grouped *The Wild Body*, *Tarr*, *The Apes of God*, *The Enemy of the Stars*, *The Revenge for Love*, *The Vulgar Streak*, *Rotting Hill*, *Self Condemned* and (almost in a class by themselves) *The Childermass* and its successors. In the second category come the two key volumes *Time and Western Man* and *The Art of Being Ruled*. In the third category are *The Lion and the Fox*, *Men Without Art*, *The Writer and the Absolute* and the two autobiographical works. The fourth category consists of the critical and eristic works, including *The Caliph's Design*, *Paleface*, *The Diabolical Principle* and the *Dithyrambic Spectator*, *Doom of Youth*, etc. There is a fifth category, Lewis' poetry -- a class of which the sole member is *One Way Song*.⁴⁰

Acceptance of this kind of categorization of Lewis's work must depend on the continued awareness that in a sense, such activity is useless -- and, in fact, unnecessary -- since, though the *form* of Lewis's writings may differ from one work to another, content and themes remain part of a basic and complete world-view which is being presented. Thus, at first, there may seem to be little connection between, for example, *Paleface* and *Time and Western Man*; between *The Apes* and *The Art of Being Ruled*; or between *The Writer and the Absolute* and *Self Condemned*. On second thought, however, it is not difficult to trace the relationship between the irresponsible worship of the Time Cult by the intelligentsia -- or

so-called intelligentsia -- as demonstrated in Lewis's depiction of Gertrude Stein and Anita Loos as "Time Children"⁴¹ -- and the irresponsibility, excluding any considerations of social and historical implications, which Lewis attested (in *Paleface*) as typifying the literary attitudes of Lawrence, Du Bois, Anderson, and Hemingway. Similarly, what Lewis called, in *Time and the Western Man*, "The Romance of Action,"⁴² what he defined as "Some of the Meanings of Romance,"⁴³ and "The Principle of Advertisement and its Relation to Romance,"⁴⁴ are all elements basic to the popularization of certain of the works of Lawrence, Anderson, and Du Bois -- as well as of Hemingway, though this applies as much to his other works as to *Torrents of Spring* (with which Lewis deals specifically in *Paleface*). The works of these authors are "romantic," in that they are, in fact, "romances" -- in the most generally accepted sense of the term, since they represent a picture of life which embodies a removal from the reality of life or the true human condition. It is this very basic romanticism which is at the root of Lewis's reasons for calling these writers to account in *Paleface*, since romanticism, in its most general sense, and (as demonstrated by Lewis in *Time and Western Man*) in its particular application, through the principle of advertisement to the readership *en masse* (which is society), may engender certain expectations. These expectations may include dangerously unrealistic expectations of the real situation in which the individual may find himself -- a situation quite removed from the ethereal world of romance -- and obscure people's real relationships with one another (and their assessments of these relationships) in a confusion of false expectations and unrealistic type-casting. (Thus, the Passionate, or, today, Soulful,

Black, the Inscrutable Chinese, the Wily Indian.)

Continuing to trace the common train-of-thought in Lewis's works, we may also feel that the Apes of Pierpoint (*The Apes of God*) are the close relatives of the "Revolutionary Simpleton" (*Time and Western Man*); Dan Boleyn (*The Apes*) is the Simpleton Incarnate, while Bertha (*Tarr*) remains his sister-under-the-skin, so to speak. More detailed comparisons of this sort will be made at a later stage (particularly with regard to *Paleface*); the point presently being made simply concerns the necessity of recognizing the common and formative train-of-thought which is an intrinsic part of Lewis's work, and which combines all the seemingly disparate pieces which he produced into a unified whole, making all his works coalesce, *in the most general sense*, into what may justly be called the total Lewisian Polemic. This claim is not unconnected with the following assertion by Georg Lukács, who, whether or not we agree with his political affiliations (these are quite unconnected with the worth of his criticism -- though this fact has not always been allowed), makes a summation of the worth and purpose of literature which is particularly applicable to the total bulk of Lewis's work (described above as the "Lewisian Polemic"):

. . . The distinctions that concern us are not those between stylistic 'techniques' in the formalistic sense. It is the view of the world, the ideology or *weltanschauung* underlying a writer's work, that counts. And it is the writer's attempt to reproduce this view of the world which constitutes his 'intention' and is the formative principle underlying the style of a given piece of writing. Looked at in this way, style ceases to be a formalistic category. Rather, it is rooted in content; it is the specific form of a specific content.

Content determines form. *But there is no content of which Man himself is not the focal point.* However various the donnees of literature (a particular experience, a didactic purpose), *the basic question is, and will remain: What is Man?*⁴⁵

Though Lewis, who, with characteristic tongue in cheek, described himself as being "partly communist and partly fascist, with a distinct streak of monarchism in his monism, but at bottom an anarchist, with a healthy passion for order . . . ,"⁴⁶ might not immediately recognize Lukács' comments on literature as being applicable to himself (that is, to his communist-fascist-anarchist-monist, and, above all, sardonic self), Lukács' concepts remain relevant if we accept the premise that all Lewis's work is bound up with a basic view of art as an essential part of human society. Thus, the process which Lewis called "raft-building" -- a conscious effort to save the value of human personality from extinction -- equates, finally, with what Lukács called the "formative principle" in Lewis's writing.

In Volume One of *The Enemy* (1927), Lewis summed up, *inter alia*, the gist of what comprised *Time and Western Man*. Similarly, in *The Enemy*, No. 2, he presented, in seminal form, the main thoughts of *Paleface*. Ostensibly, since the subject of our thesis is, after all, *Paleface*, we should hustle toward a detailed examination of No. 2 of this publication, rather than to any of the other numbers. No such equation follows, however; and, since No. 2 contains the main body of thought comprising *Paleface*, if we spent much time on its analysis now, our future analysis of the book would become repetitious. Therefore, in view of the belief, strongly held, that there is a basic unity of thought in all Lewis's work which precludes the necessity of hotly pursuing any one section of his work at the expense of any other (or of our overall understanding of his total train-of-thought), we shall satisfy ourselves instead with further examination of the general

formative purposes (in Lukács' terms, the "intention") behind *The Enemy*. Through such analysis, we should learn not only about one particular publication, but rather about a whole philosophy of writing, and complex of thought, related not only to the single subject of art, but to the wider issues of society and the meaning of human life and human personality within human society. Finding these things in the pages of *The Enemy* is not an impossibility, nor an extravagance.

Lewis's explicit intentions in writing *The Enemy* are outlined early in the publication. It is, however, important to realize that these intentions apply not only to the publication in hand; they are in a real way a metaphor for the overall intention -- or *weltanschauung* -- in all his writing.

On page IV of *The Enemy*, Volume One, Lewis quotes Plutarch's *Moralia*:

A man of understanding is to benefit by his enemies. . . . He that knoweth that he hath an enemy will look circumspectly about him to all matters, ordering his life and behaviour in better sort . . . therefore it was well and truly said of Antisthenes, that such men as would be saved and become honest ought of necessity to have either good friends or bitter enemies. But forasmuch as amity and friendship nowadays speaketh with a small and low voice, and is very audible and full of words in flattery, what remaineth but that we should hear the truth from the mouth of our enemies?

Thus Lewis, as *Enemy*, was making a conscious attempt to fulfil the archetypal role of the writer/intellectual/critic in society; it is a role of great social responsibility, very much in the nature of that assigned by Benda to the "Clerics" -- and Lewis refers to the notions of Benda in the pages of *The Enemy*. However, there are some important differences between the esoteric extremes of which Benda may be finally found guilty, and the practical responses through which Lewis, in the

role of "Enemy" fulfilled the duties of Benda's "Clerc," with an added dimension of practicality -- that is, with the added asset of making himself available to the widest possible audience, since the attention of the greatest number of people is often to be most successfully drawn by what seems to be an attack upon their interests, or their complacency, rather than by an appeal to their reason. Lewis is, of course, employing the tactics of perversity, since he realized the public fear and distrust of the "open" man;⁴⁷ these tactics have their undeniable virtue, as we shall see in the following comparison between principle (of similar nature) and method (quite dissimilar), of Lewis and Benda.

In 1927, when Lewis was publishing both *The Enemy* and *Time and Western Man*, Julien Benda published a book entitled *La Trahison des Clercs*, translated as *The Betrayal of the Intellectuals* or *The Great Betrayal*. In this work, Benda reaffirmed the ideals of rationalism and liberty, as opposed to the contemporary mood of nihilism and hatred. Benda saw that racial hatred and class and political factionism had fractured social unity; he condemned Nietzsche's and Bergson's neo-romanticism, seeing in the vogue for the "rediscovery of the unconscious" a factor which aided the move toward totalitarianism. The "betrayal" of the intellectuals was embodied for Benda in the fact that these members of a particular elite had forsaken the humanitarian and universal ideals of freedom and rationalism in favour of neo-romanticistic espousing of the passions of the age, and a pragmatism which ignored all but the most materialistic considerations. (This point of Benda's may be proven true by the desperate attempt made by Weber, who also refused to give politics a place in the classroom, to achieve a

"rationalization" of society through the study of sociology. Weber's search for the "rationalization" of society -- that is, the achievement of true knowledge -- through the effort to organize, control, and explain the forces of nature and the functioning of society has formed one of the most basic premises of the present study of sociology. It also provides an example of the nature of the struggle in which those intellectuals who wished to avoid partaking in "the great betrayal" were involved. Weber had retired from active teaching from 1897. His outline for a rationalization of society, based as it was on idealism combined with a view of human nature as irrational, may not have answered all the questions of the times, but it certainly provided an alternative to the increasing denial of the inspirational function of knowledge, which in turn was becoming confused with specialization. Weber, however, was one of a very few leading thinkers who replaced neo-romanticism and nihilism with rationalism and idealism; his predicament provides some illustration of the implications for the group of the role of the intellectual which Benda explored in his book.)

Certainly, the transcendent role assigned to the intellectuals by Benda may have been simplistic; yet, in view of the cultural evolution of Europe which found its primary manifestation in the period known as "The Renaissance," Benda's judgement on the failure of the intellectuals of his day had some validity. On the other hand, however, Benda was establishing the intellectuals as an elite group; contingent upon such elitism are certain disadvantages, and it was these disadvantages, embodying an increasing withdrawal of the elites from the main body of the society, which finally proved the flaw in his theories.

Rather than effecting national regeneration through the teaching of the ideals of freedom and liberalism, the "Clerc" of Benda's ideal group would finally secede from society into an ivory tower of rationalism, which, however worthwhile in itself, might be powerless in the face of social pressures. (The yawning chasm which separated the world of the intellect, pursued for its own sake, and the world of action is also illustrated in Thomas Mann's novel, *The Magic Mountain*. And, just as Mann foresaw that man's final choice between these two worlds would be in favour of the latter -- however meaninglessly violent it might be -- so Benda's ivory tower of intellectual elitism held fewer charms than disadvantages for even intelligent men of his time.)

An opposite position to that found in Benda's elitism may be seen in Lewis's undertaking of the role of Enemy, a role which embodied a withdrawal, certainly, but a positively activist withdrawal. This sort of activism found its expression in assaults such as the publication of *The Enemy*, containing as this did so many analyses both of the issues and ideas of the times. As demonstrated in the essays comprising *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*, Lewis realized the artist's dependence upon the world beyond that of art for sheer survival (quite apart from his dependence upon the world outside himself for worthy judgement). However, Lewis saw the means by which such dependence could be positively channelled, to enable the artist to remain grounded in the essentials of his society, while still retaining the detached eye, symbolic of the critical attitude. (The stress put on the function of the eye is further elucidated by a glance at his theories on comedy contained in *The Wild Body*,⁴⁸ where the eye is demonstrated as the tool by which the

ironic view of things -- and simultaneously, the view of *real* things -- is approximated.) Such a channelling of dependency into positive interaction was more than what was possible in the ivory tower of Benda's elitism.

Undeniably, both Lewis and Benda were concerned with what they saw as an alarming phenomenon of the age -- what Lewis termed "The Vulgarization of Disgust,"⁴⁹ and what Benda described as the "condensation of political passions into a small number of very simple hatreds, springing from the deepest roots of the human heart"⁵⁰

Benda contended further: "Our age is indeed the age of the *intellectual organization of political hatreds*. It will be one of its chief claims to notice in the moral history of humanity."⁵¹ In Benda's specifically moral vision of the *spiritual* responsibilities of the intellectual-as-"Clerc" is to be traced the same psychic withdrawal which is the hallmark of his view of the function of the intellectuals as an elitist group. Thus, he asserts:

Today, if we mention Mommsen, Treitschke, Ostwald, Brunetière, Barrès, Lemaître, Péguy, Maurras, d'Annunzio, Kipling, we have to admit that the 'clerks' now exercise political passions with all the characteristics of passion -- the tendency to action, the thirst for immediate results, the exclusive preoccupation with the desired end, the scorn for argument, the excess, the hatred, the fixed ideas. The modern 'clerk' has entirely ceased to let the layman alone descend to the market place. The modern clerk is determined to have the soul of a citizen and to make vigorous use of it; he is proud of that soul; his literature is filled with his contempt for the man who shuts himself up with art or science and takes no interest in the passions of the State. He is violently on the side of Michelangelo crying shame upon Leonardo da Vinci for his indifference to the misfortunes of Florence, and against the master of the Last Supper when he replied that indeed the study of beauty occupied his whole heart. The time has long past by since Plato demanded that the philosopher should be bound in chains in order to compel him to take an interest in the State. To have as his function the pursuit of eternal things and yet to believe that he becomes greater by concerning himself with the State -- that is the

view of the modern 'clerk.' It is as natural as it is evident that the adhesion of the 'clerks' to the passions of the layman fortifies these passions in the hearts of the latter. In the first place, it abolishes the suggestive spectacle . . . of a race of men whose interests are set outside the practical world. And then especially, the 'clerk' by adopting political passions, brings them the tremendous influence of his sensibility if he is an artist, of his persuasive power if he is a thinker, and in either case his moral prestige.⁵²

Speaking ourselves from something of the position of what Benda calls "the modern 'clerk'," we may feel, however, that a withdrawal of the type which Benda recommends may well be of great aesthetic value, but may often entail an abdication of effectivity and thence, of responsibility, since the intellectual must remain in contact with the roots of his society if he is to be at all accurate in his views of it. The effort to maintain the delicate balance between a spiritual withdrawal from limited societal goals and the retention of a link with the reality of shared human experience was the challenge which Lewis saw -- accurately -- as facing the intellectual in modern society. To meet it, he chose the solitude of the "Enemy's" encampment. This camp was to some extent isolated; yet it remained grounded in the realization of the urgent needs of the social situation -- a realization which incarceration in Benda's ivory tower would preclude. Certainly, one does not build rafts if one is secluded in such a tower; in fact, thus situated, one may remain unaware of the deluge until the moment of drowning.

Chapter Two

LEWIS AND HIS MILIEU -- THE POLEMIC VERSUS TRUE BELIEF

As a glance at Lewis's design for the dust-jacket of *Paleface* will attest, an integral part of the Lewisian Polemic is Lewis's painting. As in his writing, each icon in Lewis's painting presents a form of articulation half-way between caricature and symbolism. In all of Lewis's work, the roles of writer and painter are indivisible; Lewis the writer is Lewis the painter; both are Lewis the artist. To find it necessary to continually make nice distinctions between the two functions of the one individual is to miss much of the meaning of Lewis's concept of *art*, and of the role of the artist, whatever his medium.

His concept of the role of the artist was the motivating force behind the Lewisian Polemic, and Lewis fulfilled this role without being bogged down, or over-impressed by, his own myth. In fact, he consistently rejected any messianic implications which any other artist, with a less firm hold on reality, though with no less zeal, might have attached to the role of artist in society.¹ Repeatedly, in *Men Without Art*, Lewis disclaimed any consciously moral purpose in his work; with characteristic whimsy, he claimed that the purpose of his book (and, by inference, of much of his satiric-polemic writing), was to break down the predeliction of most people to regard satire as "a work of edification,"² and as strictly the province of the moralist or preacher. Lewis recognized the misleading traditionalism which assumes that, "for the satirist to acquire the right to hold up to contempt a fellow-mortal, he is supposed, first, to arm himself with the insignia of a sheriff or special constable."³

It was therefore natural for him to insist that "The Greatest Satire Is Non-Moral," and to maintain, vis-a-vis his own work: "I am a satirist, I am afraid there is no use denying that. But I am not a moralist And it is these two facts, taken together, which constitute my particular difficulty."⁴ Upon close reading of Lewis's work, however, and analysis of his theories of art and its social relevance, it soon becomes quite unnecessary to accept without a grain of salt Lewis's claims to amoral detachment. Lewis often chose flippancy and sarcasm -- the stuff of satire⁵ as his form; the content of this form, however, is no less serious in its intention than, for example, the passages soon to follow (quoted from Lewis's work) obviously are; in Lewis's work, mere form may vary, but it is the content and intention which constitute the total unity and value in his work. The word "value" is used here in the sense in which Lukács speaks of a writer's "intention,"⁶ or in the existentialist sense which is innate in Sartre's definition:

. . . . We may conclude that the writer has chosen to reveal the world and particularly to reveal man to other men so that the latter may assume full responsibility before the object which has been thus laid bare Similarly, the function of the writer is to act in such a way that nobody can be ignorant of the world and that nobody may say he is innocent of what it's all about. And since he has once engaged himself in the universe of language, he can never again pretend that he can not speak. Once you enter the universe of significations, there is nothing you can do to get out of it Silence itself is defined in relationship to words, as the pause in music receives its meaning from the group of notes around it. This silence is a moment of language; being silent is not being dumb; it is to refuse to speak, and therefore to keep on speaking.⁷

In spite of Lewis's disclaimers of all moralizing as part of his intentions in the writing found in *Men Without Art*, there is a distinct similarity between the train of thought expressed in *The Diabolical Principle*, Lukács' definition of the nature of writing (as seen through an analysis

of form versus content), the Sartrean concept of the purpose and nature of writing (quoted above), and other assertions of Lewis's, made in varying works, and at different times, but transmitting the same message as either Lukács or Sartre. In the following quotation from the Preface to *Time and Western Man*, Lewis states his intention in writing as firmly as he does in *The Diabolical Principle*; this intention is characterized by a consciousness of the social importance of writing which is as committed to the cause of the liberation of mankind, through the liberation of the human mind; and of individual thought and self-recognition, as the most doggedly existentialist tenets of the literature of *engagement* could demand:

So every one, I think, in one degree or another, has this alternative. Either he must be prepared to sink to the level of chronic tutelage and slavery, dependent for all he is to live by upon a world of ideas, and its manipulators, about which he knows nothing: or he must get hold as best he can of the abstract principles involved in the very 'intellectual' machinery set up to control and change him.

'As best he can', I have said: and there is the difficulty. Everything in our life today conspires to thrust most people into prescribed tracks, in what can be called a sort of *trance of action*.

.
It has been my ambition to assist in the breeding of a race of transformed 'hurried men', . . . who handle ideas as expertly as any other people, and whom, in consequence, it is less difficult to fool with transparently shoddy doctrines. In England and America we want a new learned minority as sharp as razors, . . . familiar enough with the abstract to be able to handle the concrete.

In short we want a new race of philosophers, *instead* of 'hurried men', speed-cranks, simpletons, or robots.⁸

Here, in Lewis's picture of humanity caught in the "*trance of action*," we have summed up for us all the horrors of a purely materialistically-oriented society as it appears in Blake's vision of the city, T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, or Orwell's predictions for the future.

This phrase, the "*trance of action*," is typical of the succinct manner in which Lewis combines both form and content: the implications of the words chosen -- "trance," with its suggestions of an involuntary, mechanical non-consciousness, and "action" (as opposed to "activity" -- which might suggest constructiveness rather than mere automation), provide an example of consummate unity between form and content, medium and meaning.

It does not seem too much to claim -- and hopefully, this thesis will substantiate these claims -- that Lewis is not a moralist, insofar as he is gifted with a clinical self-awareness (loosely to be called "humility") which is not common to the literary, philosophic and political Messiahs who publish their decrees in the *transition*'s of all centuries and all societies. Nor was he a sentimentalist: but it is his very avoidance of messianic romanticism and facile paradigms for the human condition which makes his work "moral" in the purest sense and stops it from being "political" or "moralistic" in the most paralyzed and stultifying sense.

The revival of Lewis' reputation in the last ten years has been less in his social criticism than in his work as an artist in paint and in words. This is as it should be and as he would have wished: and it is a mark of what was enduringly noble in his personality that whether pursued by the furies of his own making, or by those who fell on him during his exile in the New World, or even when suffering the brutal irony of blindness, he never wavered in his view of art as the supreme magical virtue that gives importance to existence. "Life" in his eyes was softness and emotion, the attachments to people, animals, possessions, which in the West are (or were for most of Lewis' life) absurdly over-valued.⁹

The latter part of this assertion is undeniably true; but the whole must seem like an understatement if we examine such a work as *Paleface* in its totality -- or what seems its totality. Certainly, Lewis's

painting embodies an internally informed exposition of the subject, achieved through the very externalities in which each work is epitomized. It is as if, through the very externals in which he deals (the elongation of a nose, the coarsening of fingers, the fall of a garment), Lewis is extroverting the internals -- the absolutes -- which are basic to his subject. As far as Lewis's painting is concerned, one cannot argue with Symons's summation:

If he lacked visionary power as a writer, then so did Swift: and anybody should be able to see that there is a quality in his finest portraits -- of Ezra Pound, say, or Edith Sitwell -- that transcends the mere "life" of their subjects, and that a vision neither caricatural nor realistic informs such paintings as "The Surrender of Barcelona" or the "Creation Myth" pictures mentioned by Miss Watson.¹⁰

But merely to dismiss his writing (and, in this case, *Paleface*) as lacking in the same quality of informed understatement which often constitutes the visionary inner eye seeming to see into, as well as through, the external subjects of his paintings, would be an injustice. If we come to a true appreciation of the meaning of the Lewisian Polemic, we can see that what is perhaps most interesting about Lewis as an artist is that he achieves in his work as writer that same enlightened exposition which he exemplifies in his work as painter: in fact, though it seems ridiculous to speak of "polemic painting," if we can grasp the true vision that is inherent in his "polemic writing," we may see the consistent unity which defines both his painting and his writing.

The conflict which is at the base of Symons's assertions (namely, the conflict between painting and writing) is discussed by Sartre:

The writer can guide you and, if he describes a novel, make it seem the symbol of social injustice and provoke indignation. The painter is mute. He presents you with a novel, that's all. You are free to see in it what you like. The attic windows will never be the symbol of misery; for that,

It would have to be a sign, whereas it is a thing. The bad painter looks for the type. He paints the Arab, the Child, the Woman; the good one knows that neither the Arab nor the proletarian exists either in reality or on his canvas. He offers a workman, a certain workman. And what are we to think about a workman? An infinity of contradictory things. All thoughts and all feelings are there, adhering to the canvas in a state of profound undifferentiation. It is up to you to choose.¹¹

He adds:

Moreover, to consider only this secondary structure of the undertaking, which is what the *verbal moment* is, the serious error of pure stylists is to think that the word is a gentle breeze which grazes them without altering them, and that the speaker is a pure *witness* who sums up with a word his harmless contemplation. To speak is to act; anything which one names is already no longer quite the same; it has lost its innocence.¹²

Lewis, while aware of the relevance of language (this is basic to his whole concern with romanticism and the cult of the diabolic and the vulgarization of hatred -- repeated themes in some of his major works), was also aware of the irrelevance of debating the relative purity of the mere forms of art -- whether painting or writing, prose or poetry. Since he had an innate recognition of the final irrelevance of form which once welded to content, could not exist, and should not be examined *per se*, he was more concerned with the universal danger of what he called "the *politicization* of art."¹³ This he saw as the use of art by those who were interested in purely temporal, materialistic and selfishly manipulative ends; he recognized the danger of the expedient *engagement* of art in merely temporal politicking and manipulation; he felt that art should be sacred if it were to succeed in liberating what he calls the "sensual average" man from the chains of "the trance of action," and from those other chains, temporal, political, material, and intellectually stultifying which rob human life of its truest meaning and rivet the individual within that petrification called "society."

Lewis, then, was the enemy of all convenient half-truths, manipulative compromises, Machiavellian and cynical opportunism -- all summed up in his discourse relating to the fact that "The doctrine of *What the Public Wants* originates in the pessimism of philosophy."¹⁴ Lewis continues with a chilling note of warning (based on an inherently Hegelian sense of the process of history and human reactions):

Does the Public really want *What the Public Wants*? In a sense, no doubt, it does. But it would not want to be *flattered* on such a gigantic scale if it knew what this flattery cost it.

Again, *What the Public Wants*, as it is practised today, must be lead its practitioner into lunacy or some form of imbecility, or else, with the stronger-minded and more cynical, into a mood of *hatred* where their millions of 'little charges' are concerned. *Hatred of stupidity* must result, where it is not succumbed to, in those whose business it is to be incessantly isolating and exploiting it. . . .

.

Then, again, *to hate stupidity* is really to hate failure, for stupidity is that. And although the Christian attitude on this point does not of necessity recommend itself, it is better than what we are familiar with under the form of the *worship of success*.¹⁵

This same note of warning is struck by Lewis with regard to those aspects of *transition* which appear to embody a rather uneasy mixture of group romanticism, and a cult of pseudo-radicalism based on what was, finally, nothing more positive than what Lewis calls the "Diabolical Principle" and the popularization of hatred (See Appendix A). Only absolute ignorance or naïveté, on the political or social level, can cause a reader or writer to ignore the social damage -- and the havoc, to the individual outlook -- which can be brought about by the fostering, through literature (or in any other form) of hatred, described by Lewis as the "Popularization of Disgust," and by Benda as "the intellectual organization of political hatreds."¹⁶ Benda went further to say of

the period that it was "indeed the age of the intellectual organization of political hatreds," and that this would be "one of its chief claims to notice in the moral history of humanity."¹⁷ Benda was pin-pointing the moral issues involved in the fact of the obligation of the intelligentsia to spread, through whatever media they operated, the principles of balance and sanity, rather than the "Diabolical Principle," as this term applied, in its most limited sense, to the productions of Jolas and company (through *transition*), as well as in its wider sense -- a sense which was not irrelevant to the history of the period -- namely, the systemic expression of hatred which was represented in the rise of Fascism. The real political implications of activities which included pseudo-political "politicking" (even if this took the form of group romanticism and indoctrination into ideas which, however dilettante, were nonetheless harmful) were clear to Lewis. He summed up much of the atmosphere of an age which had responded to violence with violence, and later, to genocide with apathy, and nihilism:

This vein of rage and hatred against mankind is an essential ingredient in all 'nihilism', and therefore in all 'new romanticism'. That is what is meant by the 'new' -- that it is 'romanticism' that is peculiarly given over to an intolerant hatred of the rest of the world.¹⁸

While Benda dwelt on moral implications, Lewis, in workmanly style, traced the link between the social obligations and implications of literature, and the particular phenomena which he recognized in his milieu. He realized that in real life (outside the pages of publications like *transition*, dedicated primarily to the pleasures of pseudo-artistic political dabbling, and intellectual, in-group masturbation), the political dilettantes are truly powerless in the face of action by the "real

man-of-action."¹⁹ the true political animal, or opportunist -- whom Lewis calls "the political mind pure and simple -- the practical, managing, domestic mind."²⁰ Lewis's *caveats* against opportunism were proven by Time to be completely legitimate in view of the annihilation of personal rights, human individuality and finally, of life itself, when Hitler, after 1938, began to put into practice the ideas embodied in *Mein Kampf*, where he epitomized the "Diabolical Principle" in its most extreme expression. Before this time, many of the leading intellectuals, as well as the democratic leaders of Europe, had either openly or tacitly supported the beginnings of Fascist rule in both Germany and Italy. Mussolini was admired by many democratic leaders for his organization of basic improvements which the preceding democracies had failed to assure: everything from the drainage of swamps to the establishment of the "Dopolavoro" (a system which provided cheap vacations and recreation for the working classes) were regarded as concrete witnesses in favour of Fascism. Mussolini's programmes were based, of course, on a kind of social paternalism -- the sort of indulgence allowed to the good slave by the generous master; this principle was completely in the spirit of the Fascist concept of adulation of the supreme, unquestionable, benign leader by the group, bound to him and to each other by an all-powerful euphoric sense of belonging. In fact, however, the tensions of class differences remained, both in Germany and Italy, under Fascism; but these tensions were outweighed by the fact that mass emotions, such as the need to belong, and group-security, were apotheosized in mass-meetings, where the uniform was the tool used to give each man, however low he stood on the social and economic ladder, a sense of

dignity and fulfillment. Thus, the fact that the rich were getting richer (by supplying weapons for war or, later, land for concentration-camps, in some cases)²¹ while the workers were often even more underpaid than before, was disguised by the orgiastic experience brought about through the uniformed spectacle of mass meetings. Here, the people were encouraged to accept the symbol for the fact; to each man, his uniform was a symbol of belonging, and many were able to ignore -- or rejoice in -- the fact that the reality that lay behind their chosen symbol, the Swastika, was genocide. Thus Lewis's *caveats* (previously quoted) against the "worship of success," the "popularization of disgust," and the "vein of rage and hatred against mankind" proved to be well-founded. By their leaders' exploitation of their political naïveté, or fanaticism -- described by Lewis in his picture of the "Revolutionary Simpleton"²² the masses were led to forget their own miserable living conditions within the euphoric satisfaction of belonging to the ideal of a superior race, the *Weltanschauung* of the *Volks*.

Of this particular type of person -- who, willy-nilly, assisted the processes of genocide by reason of the fact that, through his naïveté or bigotry, he will always be only the pawn in the game of the true political men-of-action, Lewis remarks: "He is not the enthusiast of the will-to-change at its source, but only of its surface-effects, on the plane of vulgarization."²⁴ Admittedly, Lewis may be dealing with both the "Revolutionary Simpleton"²⁵ and the "Political Philistine"²⁶ largely in context of their roles in terms of art and its social significance. It is impossible, however, not to sense, in the creation of these stereotypes, a metaphor for the destruction of individualism and

the destruction of individual rights which were an essential aspect of European Fascism -- and which are also inherent factors within any totalitarian situation, on levels ranging from the art-group coterie,²⁷ through the Fascist, Colonialist, to the Democratic. As Orwell proved, in the final analysis, the effects of totalitarianism -- and its ingredients -- remain similar and static, regardless of the forms or labels by which the situations may be identified. Thus, Fraulein Lipmann (reminiscent of Eliot's archetypal "lady" from the "Portrait"),²⁸ Horace Zagreus (with his cult of pseudo-intellectual, pseudo-political *engagement*, combined as it is with the element of latent homosexuality),²⁹ and the Bailiff (who remains the epitome of leadership taking unto itself the rights, even the voice, of the masses),³⁰ all present a sustained metaphor for the nature and principles of totalitarianism. In this sense, Lewis makes a comment on the total sphere of human activity into which totalitarianism may obtrude itself -- ranging from the private world of the artistic aesthetic to the public life of politics. If one accepts Lewis's creation of these figures as both metaphor for, and commentary on, the principle of authoritarianism, then Tomlin's³¹ remark concerning this subject, taken *vis-à-vis* the decline of German art under Hitlerian regime,³² will not be out of place:

The writer's true 'absolute' is not outside him but inside him; his absolute is truth, which 'is as necessary to everybody as the air we breathe'.³³ The advantage of the old-fashioned patron was that he usually left the artist to his own devices; glorification of the patron was limited to the terms of the prefatory epistle. The modern patron, whether it be the State or some public corporation or political party, exercises restraint by laying down the conditions under which the artist must work. The effects of such restraint are often extremely damaging, not least to the novelist; *it is an ingenuous but common error to suppose that the creative imagination, being exempt from reference to fact, can remain free while the other faculties are enslaved.* Under such subtle

pressures 'a man will say a thousand things he does not wish to say, mutilate his thought, adulterate his doctrine, compel his will to wear a uniform *against* his will, cause the characters in his books (if a novelist) to behave in a manner that turns them into other characters -- to associate with people they would never speak to if allowed to follow their own sweet will'.³⁴

The processes of totalitarianism, with its exploitation of political naïveté (as in the case of the "Revolutionary Simpleton"), or of irresponsible dilettantism (as in the case of the "Political Philistine"), is delineated by Lewis through his explorations of, and discursions on, the various meanings and implications of the concept behind the term "romanticism."³⁵ Lewis explores the concept as a literary term and as an attitude of mind (with the inevitable consequences and implications of any strongly-held attitude), as well as a social phenomenon. (Lewis's investigation of romanticism in the latter light is not an egocentricity, as is proven by Thomas Mann's portrait, in the novel *The Magic Mountain*, of Hans Castorp, in his journey from the romance of morbidity to the "trance of action" -- to borrow Lewis's term -- found in the violence of war.) An essential recognition in Lewis's defining of the term "romanticism" entails a recognition of the process of brainwashing involved in romanticism -- a process which takes place on all levels -- the artistic level being only one of many -- through advertising,³⁶ through "The Romance of Action,"³⁷ or through that type of behaviour which we may call "ape-ism," or the non-analytic indulgence in fashionable cults of thinking or living, which may include "The Child Cult,"³⁸ with its mass stasis of individual mental and psychological development, or the cult of feminism, with its obvious castration of all positive masculine tendencies, and petrification of a meaningful womanhood.

Attitudes toward Fascism of leading thinkers and political personages of Lewis's era³⁹ find their parallels in some of Lewis's icons -- if thus we may term those of his characterizations which retain an archetypal significance in the context of the Lewisian Polemic, far transcending their immediate formal functions in the particular texts in which they occur. These "icons" are part of Lewis's delineation of the climate of totalitarianism, and of how the totalitarian process may be consciously or unconsciously assisted by Man-as-Ape, whether simplist or dilettante. Thus these characters function as part of the Lewisian dialectic, forming the sustained polemic which is his work. For this reason, the "Simpleton" and the "Philistine," as exemplified in particular characterizations, must and will be explored, in the course of our examination of Lewis's discourse on totalitarianism -- a discourse to which the issues of *Paleface* are not unrelated.

Just as art may be seen as a mirror for life, so much of Lewis's analyses of human behaviour on the artistic and creative levels finds a parallel on the level of societal and political behaviour patterns, seen from the observation of the group or of the individual. Thus, Bertha Lunken (*Tarr*) and Dan (*The Apes of God*) share, in varying degrees, the quality of the "Revolutionary Simpleton." They share a fraudulent attachment to the world of art, and to the "artistic" way of life, undiluted by even a drop of any real creative talent, and based, rather, in the search for social, sexual and economic goals (however consciously or unconsciously pursued). They are both "Simpletons," in bovine search for their particular *Zeitgeist*;⁴⁰ they are both cretinously encased in self-seeking non-awareness: archetypally *les hommes moyen*

sensuels. Thus, this description of Bertha's room (*Tarr*) is an evocation by Lewis of the milieu and state of mind of Lewis's "Simpleton," the artistic and emotional parasite, described by Eric Hoffer as the emotional hitch-hiker, the "True Believer,"⁴¹ a personage particularly susceptible to the claims of authoritarianism and, in the case of the era under consideration, of Fascism:

Tarr was in the studio or salon. It was a complete bourgeois-bohemian interior. Green silk cloth and cushions of various vegetable and mineral shades covered everything, in mildewy blight. The cold, repulsive shades of Islands of the Dead, gigantic cypresses, grottos of Teutonic nymphs, had invaded this dwelling. Purple metal and leather steadily dispensed with expensive objects. There was the plaster cast of Beethoven (some people who have frequented artistic circles get to dislike this face extremely), brass jars from Normandy, a photograph of Mona Lisa (Tarr hated the Mona Lisa).⁴²

(The reader will probably agree that it is unnecessary to pursue here the suitability of Lewis's use of the vegetable-metaphor as a kind of parallel to Bertha's insensitive, non-vital, life.)

Bertha and Dan, the "Philistine" and the "Simpleton" (and these terms may apply interchangeably to both), are crowd-animals, crowd-*things*; totalitarianism is a crowd-process; just as romanticism and advertising are also; these definitions will serve, in time, as points of reference with regard to that part of the Lewisian Polemic expressed in *Paleface*.

Dan may be seen as representing, *par excellence*, the model of the "Revolutionary Simpleton." He is, additionally, the representative of the Child-Cult⁴³ -- the eternally naïve, blushing-pink-and-white, stammering, nose-bleeding, *sanguine*⁴⁴ youth, which will always remain undeveloped (that is, non-responsible), like a blighted fruit. He is also a social and emotional leech, living off of Zagreus, his sardonic "benefactor," financially, intellectually (if this term can be applied

to Dan at all), and otherwise. Dan is the ultimate "Revolutionary Simpleton," in Lewis's sense:

With the revolutionary simpleton, where most people find a difficulty is in believing in his simplicity. But the simpleton does exist. I have known several quite guileless true-believers, often quite gifted people. But put before you the following kind of man, and you will have the pattern of what I am attempting to describe: one who is very much the creature of fashion, reverencing the fashionable fetish of the 'group' or of any collectivity, with many excited genuflections and an air of cystic juvenile incontinence; a great crowd-snob, the portentous vociferous flunkey of any small crowd whatever, the richer the more afraid he is of them; *regarding all creative work in opportunist terms of a conformity to the fashions of this crowd or of that*, the nearest to him at the moment -- blind to the fact that all fashion is imposed on a crowd from somewhere without itself, in opposition to its habits, and belongs to it about as much as a hired fancy-dress; frightened and scandalized by the apparition of anybody who opposes any group or collectivity whatever; who believes *snobbishly* in any 'minority', however large and flabby, provided it can satisfy him it is not a 'majority', and who is always with the majority without being aware of it; his poor little easily 'blowed' machine panting to be *there in time*, punctual at all the dates of fashion, remarked in the chattering van at all her functions; . . . very truculent but very sweet and obedient in fact; *advancing any kitchen-maid's sickly gushed-out romance, provided she only calls her baby-boy her 'bastard', and can be patronized (by himself and the reading-crowd he addresses)* because she has never learnt how to spell, and so can be *discovered* . . . advancing the fruit of the dead past as new, and when knowing what in the present is false, fearing to denounce it, because it is momentarily current, and he trembles at the shadow of the law; such a nice, simple 'revolution'-loving man is what you should have in mind. But the revolutionary simpleton is everywhere. It is important not to fix the mind on any particular figure. It is the *thing*, rather, incarnated on all hands, that it is my wish to bring to light.⁴⁵

Several lines of this passage have been italicized because of their future relevance, not, as in our present examination, as a part of the elucidation of the total Lewis Polemic, but further, as being of particular note in regard to our future analyses of the works of Sherwood Anderson, Lawrence, and others, as seen from the point of view offered by Lewis in *Paleface*. All this, however, remains to be seen in another section of this paper. At present, we are dealing with Dan (*The Apes*)

as the model of the "Revolutionary Simpleton" who has found his fashionable, artistic, suitably "revolutionary" (that is, fascist-orientated), and presumably, sexual, *Zeitgeist*, in the person of the sardonic super-Ape, Zagreus. Zagreus's own *Zeitgeist* remains bound up in the personage of the mysterious Pierpont, or in his "political" ends (loosely so-called); these latter are a mixture of the dilettante-fascistic, and the purely self-preservatory: they are a replica of the description, in the mock debate which begins *The Diabolical Principle*,⁴⁶ of the hodge-podge of fashionable, pseudo-political, activity which is the realm of the societally irresponsible "progressive man about town."⁴⁷ On the other hand, Dan's aims are simply, vainly, masochistically sexual, with a certain economic -- and a great many social -- considerations thrown in. Their relationship represents what Lewis terms "The Vulgarization of the Vision of Genius to Political Ends."⁴⁸ The following passages should summarize the implications -- for creativity, politics, and for human society in general -- of such relationships, based as they are, on mere cultism, of one kind or another:

Dan ventured to eat of fish.

"When are you starting?"

"Starting?" Dan was startled. Starting *what*? -- he looked covertly at Horace Zagreus.

"To be a bio-chemist."

"I don't think I shall yet -- I am an artist" added Dan convulsively. He had been about to say 'a genius', but he said 'an artist'. He blushed deeply and stole a glance at Horace for he thought Horace would have heard and that he would tell her that he was a genius, though in a way he hoped Horace wouldn't.

"An artist!"

"Yes I'm too young to have done much!" he added very hastily.

"Of course -- are you a student at the Royal Academy?"

"No."

"How old are you?"

"Only nineteen," he said, apologetically blushing.⁴⁹

"We will have no more 'geniuses' -- to that we have made up our minds! No more 'geniuses' -- you are the last!"

Well Dan did not know what to say to that -- but secretly he hoped that what *the kind young man -- with the rough manner --* said, might prove true. No more geniuses. He hoped not.

"Horace Zagreus often misinterprets what we tell him -- as often as not he gets it all wrong!" Dan was being virtually bullied by Blackshirt now -- *still this rather rough young man meant well, of that he [Dan] was positive.*

"In the matter of these outlays for 'geniuses' we have put our foot down -- Horace Zagreus has had our last word on that subject! He cannot afford it. And what you cannot afford you should not have!"⁵⁰

It is hardly necessary to stress that Zagreus, the professional dilettante -- dabbling in art and politics alike, his only constant principle being a combination of pecuniary considerations, and the ironic expression of his vanity through bizarre, empty relationships -- is the ultimate example of a corrupt and irresponsible intelligentsia, Lewis's "High Bohemia" and the opposite of Benda's "clerc." His life-style also remains a metaphor for the principle of Fascist leadership; thus, his letters full of arbitrary and mysterious commands to Dan (who is supposedly involved in the process of aesthetic education),⁵¹ and the incipiently homosexual nature of their relationship, provide a parallel to the unnaturally close network of the Fasci youth.⁵²

In Dan's simplistic, misplaced trust in "Blackshirt" (who represents the new elite of Germany under Hitler, Fascist youth), and in his conviction that the young man "meant well," though he *was* a "rather rough young man," may be found a reflection of the fact that many of the supposed intelligentsia were to welcome the emergence of Mussolini and Hitler in Europe. Many, with a simplicity much like Dan's (and in keeping with the model of the "Revolutionary Simpleton"), saw in Fascism an alternative to what had come, in their view, to seem a non-functional, bourgeois, myth of democracy, and were carried along on a wave of

Nietzschean, and neo-romantic, disgust with their society. (This feeling was pin-pointed by Lewis in his remarks, previously quoted, on the "Popularization of Disgust"). Thus, it was not only the working classes who saw, and were to see, Fascism in a positive light. Lewis himself, in 1926, in *The Art of Being Ruled* in his considerations upon "Fascism as an Alternative," declared that in the Fascist state, "All the boring and wasteful sham-sciences that have sprung up in support of the great pretences of democracy and in deference to notions of democratic freedom, will die from one day to the next: for they are the most barren of luxuries, and no-one would be interested to keep them alive for their own sakes (in the way that arts are sometimes kept alive) for an hour." Lewis also recognized in this essay, however, the abdication of responsibility by the individual which provided the climate for Fascism, and he voiced this recognition with irony:

The intelligence of the white races has been softened by success, they have been used for so long to easy and unchallenged power where other races were concerned; they succumb at once to a little intelligence. That is the weapon they have scorned and neglected, *alas for them*: and a litany of scorn they are being today carefully taught, to the tune of 'You may have those highbrow airs.'⁵⁴

Mussolini's implementation of the "Dopolavoro" and Hitler's creation of an identical program for travel and recreation for the working classes (called by Hitler "Strength Through Joy") of course were obvious encouragements to the masses to view the new state in a positive light; what was more important, however, was the fact that Fascist doctrine stressed the essentials of a common history and shared feeling, a mystical union of the whole societal group, and a common spirit based on race. (Lewis's remarks in the essay on "Fascism as an Alternative,"⁵⁵ that

"*Class* starts by being merely *race*, as the result of some form of conquest," that "the ideas of a people are always the ideas of the class in power," and that "the ruling caste in a country has usually been of a different race from the subject population," are not irrelevant with regard to the stress on race-unity basic to the growth of Fascism.)

The element of stress on racial unity appealed to all classes and groups, giving a sense of vague, but reassuring, group security to the charms of which few are totally immune. What had been misnamed "the new romanticism" was a factor by which, consciously or unconsciously, both the masses and the elite were motivated in their acceptance of the mythologies of Fascism. For the true novelties of Fascism were few; there was little that was truly innovative about Fascism in fact; the class structure was to remain intact, along with the basic structure of capitalistic free-enterprise. And yet, even Churchill expressed his admiration for Mussolini up until 1938. Lewis, on the other hand, had spoken of Mussolini as "considered by many people as an unfortunately theatrical, grimacing personage, and [as being] perhaps a little prejudicial to the regime of which he is the official figure-head." He added: "The power that he represents has, in its choice of a figure-head, showed, perhaps, bad taste. But in everything except taste it cannot be denied that it has chosen well. What has been effected through him is, in any case, in another category altogether from taste. His government is doing for Italy -- starting ostensibly from the other end -- what the soviet has done for Russia."⁵⁶ There was only one new thing about society as organized under Fascism: where other ideologies which promised more complete social and economic revolution envisioned these improvements

only in terms of the future, Fascism sought to establish its utopian dream of a select, racially elite society at once. But just as there was nothing new about Fascist society, so there was nothing new about the attitudes which welcomed it as opposed to the nauseated vision of a society atomized by party-politics, or inter-group frictions. The "new romanticism" was merely a very old nihilism -- allied to the pessimistic vision of "What the Public Wants," in Lewis's view. As he saw things, it was merely:

. . . a return to the feverish 'diabolism' that flourished in the middle of the last century in France, and which reached England in the 'nineties' . . .

This romanticism is in fact that of the Communes and the minor revolutions which followed in the wake of the great Eighteenth-century eruption in France . . . It is merely a flowery cocktail, but it has a grand name. What is most remarkable about it so far is that, swallowed whole, it leaves things just as they were before. . .⁵⁷

This might well have been a summation of the economic and structural changes in European society under Fascism; however, as far as the Jews were concerned, some major changes were to be made.

Chapter Three

LAUGHTER IN LEWIS -- A FUNCTION OF THE POLEMICAL APPARATUS

Paleface and Satire

In June, 1914, the first issue of Lewis's publication, *Blast*, appeared, in suitably outstanding typography, on heavy paper, and bound within startling magenta covers. It announced the art form, Vorticism. Underlying Vorticism was the concept of art as an expression of the present as containing the vital, concentrated moment linking both past and future. Also contained in this edition, *inter alia* (and more of interest here), was a distribution of Blesses and Blasts; among these, Lewis vouchsafed Blesses to Shakespeare "for his bitter Northern Rhetoric of humour," and, more importantly, Swift "for his solemm, bleak wisdom of laughter."¹ Use, here, of the phrase "more importantly" does not indicate any valuation of Swift or Shakespeare; what we are stressing is the fitting nature of the latter "Bless," since Swift is a writer who must surely come to mind while we read some of Lewis's more astringent passages. Both Lewis and Swift have been referred to -- with a certain vagueness -- as writers "of the grotesque," and this allegation has been made with particular reference to *The Apes of God*. Certainly, there is a quality of concentrated, acerbic energy common to both *Gulliver's Travels* and *The Apes*;² and, despite Lewis's repeated disclaimers about his lack of a moral purpose in satirical writing,³ this common quality may well be that described by Swift himself as his *saeva indignatio* --

words from his epitaph which Yeats translated as "fierce indignation," and which do imply the sense of moral outrage. Swift, on the one hand, openly asserted: "My hate, whose lash just heaven has long decreed/ Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed . . . ," and added, in his "Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift":

. . . with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind;
His vein, ironically grave,
Expos'd the fool, and lash'd the knave . . .⁴

Lewis, on the other hand, insisted that his purposes were strictly non-moral in their orientation:

There is no prejudice so inveterate, in even the educated mind, as that which sees in satire a work of edification. Indeed, for the satirist to acquire the right to hold up to contempt a fellow-mortal, he is supposed, first, to arm himself with the insignia of a sheriff or a special constable. No age, for many centuries, has been so lawless as ours -- nothing to compare with Capone it is said, for instance, has ever been known in America. And perhaps for this reason an unnatural sensitiveness to law and order is noticeable in all of us: and in the field of ethical judgement, as much as in that of civil law, is this the case . . .

I am a satirist, I am afraid there is no use denying that. But I am not a moralist: about that I make no bones either. And it is these two facts, taken together, which constitute my particular difficulty . . .

.

There is of course no question that satire of the highest order has been achieved in the name of the ethical will. Most satire, indeed, has got through upon the understanding that the satirist first and foremost was a moralist. And some of the best satirists have been that as well. But not all. . . .⁵

And he added, with equal vehemence, elsewhere, that:

Whatever may be said for or against Satire in the absolute -- and in such a time as ours he who sets his face against Satire brands himself as a racketeer or a fool -- at least it must be allowed that Satire is very *cold*. And that is good! There is nothing of the hot innards of Freud-infected art -- no "Fantasies of the Unconscious" about Satire, *that* you must allow. No, it is all constructed out of the dry shells and pelts of things. The surface of the visible machinery of life alone is used. The Quixotic technique -- the wires that propel Volpone -- the corybantic of Seithenin, in the pages of Peacock -- the bustling manners of satiric

art do not lend themselves to swamp-effects, and to the smudgings of aura-lined spirit-pictures. All is metallic -- all is external.

It is easier to achieve these polished and resistant surfaces of a great externalist art in Satire, or rather Satire lends itself to *nothing* else. More naturally than can be done beneath the troubled impulse of the lyrical afflatus, in Satire you reach the great classic lines of the skeleton of things. . . .

But there is a stiffening of Satire in everything good, of "the grotesque", which is the same thing -- the non-human outlook must be there (beneath the fluff and pulp which is all that is seen by the majority) to correct our soft conceit. This cannot be gainsaid. Satire is *good*!⁶

In examining Lewis as a theorist of satire, Robert C. Elliott⁷ adequately refutes the consistency of Lewis's claim to non-moral satire. It is unnecessary to retrace arguments which he has so succinctly covered. Let it suffice for us to note the apparent discrepancy between Lewis's disavowal of any moralistic intentions in what he considers "The Greatest Satire," and his enthusiastic use of the word "good" to describe satire in the last line of the quotation above, since, after all, this *is* a word which *can* imply a certain degree of moralistic -- or morally orientated -- judgement-making. Having made this point, let us now turn our attention to Lewis's own use of the word "grotesque," *vis-à-vis* our own use of this word, on a preceding page.

The word "grotesque" has undergone marked change in meaning since its introduction into the language. Originally, it meant merely "in the fashion of a grotto," that is, a fantastically interwoven pattern of human and animal forms, with flowers and leafage freely added. The word then became narrowed in range to refer only to the figures in these designs, which happened to be amusingly or comically exaggerated or distorted; soon, the meaning was narrowed still more until the word came to be more or less synonymous with words like "monstrous," "ugly,"

"absurd," and "bizarre." (The implications of the comical which are often attached to the word "grotesque" may be traced to the origins of this word, we may note.) By extension, any distorted figure could be termed "grotesque," and more so since the word had come to be associated with the Gothic gargoyles which flourished in Church art at a certain period, and which had themselves become the symbols of grimacing ugliness and terrifying distortion. One may wonder, at this point, what there was to be derived from creating objects that were regarded quite frankly as "ugly," or "unnatural." Perhaps the answer to this question is part of the mystery of human nature; other answers have been provided for us by Classical writers who made early attempts to explain the attraction which ugliness and deformity held for humanity. In the *Ars Poetica*, Horace declared that the purpose of depicting unnatural nature (if we may employ what seems an evocative paradox), was to induce laughter. Charles Baudelaire echoed him in 1925, in his essay "De l'essence du Rire et Généralement du Comique dans les Arts Plastiques," in which he asserted that we laugh at the grotesque because, through such laughter, we enjoy a feeling of superiority to nature. More recently, Albert Cook has reflected this line of thinking, with a few variations of his own:

. . . Social thought and its art form, comedy, considers not the extreme value of good and evil, but the pure-action mean of best policy.

An expanding imperialist society -- fifth-century Athens, seventeenth-century France, nineteenth-century Britain, America today -- will always produce increasing numbers of pure-action diplomats and, in their wake, great comic poets -- Aristophanes, Moliere, W.S. Gilbert, Chaplin . . .

.

The basic concern of ethics is saving the soul of individual man, who is constantly making choices between good and evil in the world. To tragedy extreme ethics implies extreme social position, an abnormal

protagonist . . .

Usually tragedy proceeds by contrasts, beginning with a hero, played by a handsome actor, who is the flower of normal social success. Comedy likewise is a contrast, between the ugly, buffoonish clown who is the central figure, and the norms he implies by violating them. Part of the clown's meaning is, "those who indulge to excess their normal appetites for sex, eating, beating their friends, saying what they please, will be expelled from the normal society for their non-conformity to manners". We laugh, and society draws together into the conformity of its norm, expelling the abnormal individualist. . . . In this sense laughter is superiority, though always the superiority of a group which follows the mean over the abnormal individual whose excess it constrains. . . .

As the social group becomes normal by expelling the abnormal individual in comedy . . . Freud shows that wit . . . hides the desire for release of social tension.⁹

On the subject of the comic and the grotesque as mutual sources of laughter, Lewis A. Lawson makes the distinction that "Man laughs at two elements: the comic and the grotesque . . . the comic . . . deals with things natural, the grotesque with the unnatural."¹⁰

However, the theory of exciting laughter by displaying ugliness and deformity goes back even further in antiquity; as far back, in fact, as Aristophanes and Aristotle. Professor Lane Cooper, in his book, *An Aristotelian Theory of Comedy*,¹¹ quotes from Cicero's *De Oratore II*. In this, Cicero -- apparently speaking with the received authority of Aristotelian teaching then available to him and since lost -- says that "the province of the ridiculous . . . lies within the limits of ugliness and a certain deformity."¹² Professor Cooper asserts that it is difficult, if not impossible, to draw the line between what subjects may or may not be suitable for comic treatment, stating that, while "mortal emaciation or frightful scars" may not be inherently funny as "baldness, knock-knees, bandy-legs, lack of an eye," they may yet create amusement "so long as the suggestion of pain is absent."¹³ Cooper's comments are markedly in

line with Lewis's own theories concerning "The Art of Laughter," where he draws together ideas reflecting both the Horatian and Aristotelian schools of thought on the subject, presenting them with some observations, and a slant of his own. This essay is worth detailed quotation, as it not only explains Lewis's own standpoint in writing comedy and satire, but also is a key to the relation in Lewis's work between comedy and satire as basic elements in, and instruments of, the Lewisian polemic.

Thus Lewis states:

Laughter -- humour and wit -- has a function in relation to our tender consciousness; a function similar to that of art. It is the preserver much more than the destroyer. And, in a sense, *everyone* should be laughed at or else *no one* should be laughed at. It seems that ultimately that is the alternative. . . .

But satire is a special sort of laughter: the *laugh* alone possesses great powers of magnification. But the *laugh* that magnified Falstaff till he grew to be a giant like Pantagruel, is not the laugh of the satirist, which threw up the Maids of Honour in Brobdingnag. Now, no one resents the size of Falstaff: he is a routine figure of fun, the jolly toper. But everyone resents the scale of the Maids of Honour in *Gulliver*, and resents all those sights and sounds that assail our senses in their gigantic company. . . .

In this painful effect of true satire we might expect to find the main avenue of attack of the moralist -- he [Mr. Everybody] might say that it was *ill-natured* instead of *good-natured*, as is mere burlesque. But it is not to that that we must look today (when, as artists, we are taking our measures of defence) as being the spot likely to draw the fire of the ethical batteries.

The painful nature of satire was recognized by Hazlitt, but promptly misunderstood; for he was looking for something in satire which under no circumstances belongs there, and which in consequence he could not find.

"Bare-faced impudence, an idiot imbecility, are his dramatic common-places", he writes of Ben Jonson. So, although one would have thought that Ben Jonson had acquitted himself to admiration of what is after all, in the narrowest sense, the satirist's job, the good Hazlitt finds fault with him for that very reason -- because, in fact, Hazlitt did not at all like satire. Ben Jonson, the perfect satirist, was rebuked because he did not manage to fall short of that sinister ideal!

"Sheer ignorance, bare-faced impudence, or idiot imbecility, are his (Ben Jonson's) dramatic commonplaces -- things that provoke pity or disgust, instead of laughter."

But why should not idiot imbecility provoke laughter? Obviously the answer is: Because, being found in a human being, it is "letting down" the species, and so to laugh at it would be unethical and *inhuman*. Physical deformity, again, is often comic. Many dwarfs are highly grotesque (superbly grotesque, one may say without offence in the case of the dwarfs). And they even relish the sensation of their funniness. But most people only laugh covertly at such spectacles, or sternly repress a smile. For, they would say, these are "things" which should "provoke pity or disgust, instead of laughter". Or such is the Anglo-Saxon point of view. . . .

And, after all, pulling long faces at the dwarf, and surrounding him with an atmosphere of inhuman pity (or "disgust") is bad for the dwarf. It is better to explode with laughter at the sight of him -- better for all concerned.

So far so good: but what of the shell-shocked man, for instance? He is often very funny. Who has not on occasion (with shame) suppressed an involuntary laugh? But that is like laughing at the contortions of a dying man, and it would be too brutal a society that made a habit of laughing at its shell-shocked persons -- especially as it would be to the society of the laughers to which ultimately the responsibility for these disfigurements would have to be brought home. Therefore there is no society that does not refrain from guffawing at the antics, however "screamingly funny", of its shell-shocked men and war-idiot, and its poison-gas morons, and its mutilated battle-wrecks.

But here is also a principle, of use in the analysis of the comic, and so of use in considering Satire. *Perfect Laughter*, if there could be such a thing, would be inhuman. And it would select as the objects of its mirth as much the antics dependent upon pathological maladjustments, injury, or disease, as the antics of clumsy and imperfectly functioning healthy people.

At this point it is, perhaps, desirable to note that in general human beings display no delicacy about spiritual or mental short-comings, in their neighbours, but only physical

Our deepest laughter is not, however, inhuman laughter. And yet it is non-personal and non-moral. And it enters fields which are commonly regarded as the reserve of more "serious" forms of reaction. There is no reason why we should not burst out laughing at a foetus, for instance. We should, after all, only be laughing *at ourselves*! -- at ourselves early in our mortal career. . . .

Satire, some satire, does undoubtedly stand half-way between Tragedy and Comedy. It may be a hybrid of these two. Or it may be a *grinning* tragedy, as it were. Or, yet again, it may be a comedy full of disastrous electrical action, and shattered with outbursts of tears.¹⁴

Add to these thoughts Lewis's comment on comedy and laughter in *The Wild Body*:¹⁵ "Laughter is only summer-lightning. But it occasionally takes on the dangerous form of absolute revelation." Then we shall have come

full-circle, from the point where comedy stops and tragedy begins, or vice-versa. The exact location of this point, though untraceable in precise terms, bears exploration, however brief.

It is perhaps stating the obvious to remark that comedy and tragedy have been, traditionally, rather unwisely juxtaposed. This point usually emerges from a study of Shakespeare's "Problem Plays," or his "tragi-comedies," and J.L. Styam, in his book, suitably entitled *The Dark Comedy*, sums up the relation and intercalation of comedy and tragedy both in Shakespeare's work and elsewhere. He states:

In the two-toned twilight drama we are discussing there can be nothing that might properly be called comic *relief*. The sensation derived from the moment of farce in high comedy, or the element of clowning in romantic comedy, is very different: one effect is but an extension of the other, and relief is found in a sudden sense of irresponsibility. But any sensation of real discord in the *tone* of a play is a felt lack of equilibrium, and is no relief, but only strain. This tension is only to be relaxed by an effort of consent and adaptation from the spectator himself. . . .

The traditional reasons given for comic relief seem to have been two: first, and even today the most common, it has been a 'shot of spirits'. So Dryden: 'A continued gravity keeps the spirit too much bent; we must refresh it sometimes, as we bait in a journey that we may go on with greater ease.' It is certainly true that if an audience is taxed too hard, if the play is too demanding of the emotions, and especially if the mood is too grim, the audience itself will supply the relief without hesitation, laughing mercilessly at any detail, however irrelevant, that it can use as an excuse. This has been proved many times with new plays which have made no provision for the natural impulse to reassert the sane balance. But far from proven is the implied corollary that from the retrogressive movement the spectator collects the force which again carries him onward.

The second is the theory of the 'gypsy laughter in the bushes', where the comedy acts as a foil to the pathos, a nineteenth-century view. In David Daiches's words, the comic scenes provide 'an oblique commentary -- illuminating by the sudden difference of its point of view from that exhibited in the tragic scenes -- on the same kind of human world in which the tragic action takes place. True comic relief completes the picture of the tragic world. By this interpretation we are certainly able to comprehend the content of what is spoken by, for example, the Porter and the Gravediggers. But it is difficult to believe that that is the only reason for the intrusion of these characters into emotional

sequences so carefully built up. Nor does it explain moments of pure farce in O'Casey's tragedy of Juno or Anouilh's tragedy of *Ardèle*, where the farce would seem completely to undermine the spectator's emotional attitude and the play's created image.

We must now assume a third explanation which shall include the earlier and the modern drama alike. An explanation in terms of 'from Philip drunk to Philip sober' falls logically into place in this essay. The comic scenes in many of Shakespeare's tragedies ± serve to enrich the pathos both by measuring the wealth of our feeling on the objective and precise scale of our more normal resilience to emotional experience, and by complicating the significance of the drama with a new and exciting ambivalence of attitude. For how many of Shakespeare's tragic heroes have a divinity we are to accept without question? We are to know their corporeality as we know our own, and we work hard to know it. The comic moments are not happy after-thoughts: as with *King Lear*, a degree of comedy is at the root of the play in its conception. The comedy is there to discolour the bright image in our minds -- for at calculated moments we are *compelled* to give *equal weight* to Lear sane and Lear mad, and to the Porter and to Macbeth, as we are to Serafina the tragedienne and to Serafina the clown, and to Joxer and to Juno. The play may suffer a temporary paralysis, but it leaps forward again because the spectator is alive to more of the drama.

It is worth remembering that A.P. Rossiter, in a brief discussion of that supremely mongrel play *Measure for Measure*, argued that Shakespeare adopted a medieval ambivalence because his experience did not let him rest untroubled: 'The play is a searching analysis, an *empirical* moral investigation, not an application of ready-made Christian *a priori* moral schemes where all the answers are known. Shakespeare does not know all the answers. He pokes and probes around, a duke of dark corners.' We might add that many a good dramatist will see it as his task to pass on his empirical but enigmatic knowledge of experience as well as to meet it 'within himself'; to do so may be more a release than a relief of feeling.¹⁶

Just as the derivation of the word "grotesque" provides a key to the implications of the comic associated with this word, so the origins of comedy may provide a clue to the relationship -- close, as the preceding quotation infers -- between comedy and tragedy. When, in July 1927, Wyndham Lewis asserted that "Laughter is only summer-lightning. But it occasionally takes on the dangerous form of absolute revelation,"¹⁷ he was not the first to recognize laughter, the redeeming aspect of the "Wild Body," as the female principle of what is called the tragic vision

--the other side of the tragic mask. The historian Donatus,¹⁸ in about 350 B.C., traced the development of comedy to a practice, among the Athenians, of coming together in the hamlets (*kome*) or other common meeting-places, for the purpose of censuring those whose lives were viewed as evil, by publicizing these lives.¹⁹ This form of crude social reform took place, usually, Donatus tells us,²⁰ "in gentle meadows," and rewards were given to those men whose particular talents as actors or writers in these performances won the audience's approval. The reward was usually a goat (*tragos*), and it is from this word, according to Donatus's theory, that the name of tragedy arose. When we link this theory with R.C. Elliott's²¹ identification of the origin of satire -- itself always an important element in the functional aspects of comedy -- to the sinister versifier Archilocus, whose verses could produce dire results in the lives of those about whom they were written, we can establish yet another link between comedy, its origins in social rebuke and reform, its significantly pastoral setting, its early employment of the goat or *tragos*, and its functionally active principle for social reform (satire), with the element which has traditionally been regarded as its opposite, tragedy. In the light of Donatus's writings, then, the role played as prize or reward by the goat or *tragos* in the process of comedy and its presentation may be seen in symbolic terms. In other words, we may claim that, just as the goat (*tragos*) was the high point in the presentation of comedy for purposes of social reform (since it was a prize), so the high point of any comedy remains its more serious or tragic aspects, and vice-versa. If we accept this claim, as the result of a symbolic interpretation of the history of comedy, we

shall not be far removed from Lewis's own definition of satire as "grinning tragedy,"²² especially if we remember the grim historical background to satire found in the Archilochan curse, described by Mr. Elliott.²³ In this regard, also, Aristotle's remark is relevant: "The comic mask is ugly and distorted but does not give pain."²⁴

At the risk of belabouring this point, there is another aspect of the tragedy-comedy relationship which is worth exploring. This is, of course, the much debated theory of "catharsis" which originates in Aristotle's *Poetics*. Here, Aristotle defines tragedy as presenting "men performing the action rather than utilizing narrative, and through pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these emotions."²⁵ If purgation is the abiding principle in tragedy, it may be seen as equally important in comedy, especially in the latter's original forms in Athenian practice (previously described according to Donatan tradition), since the aim of group reform through the presentation of certain actions must, logically, operate on a basic principle of purgation also. Cleansing and reform are, after all, closely related.²⁶ The principle of purgation, as it operates in comedy, may be seen as doing so with a twist; that is, comedy, with its functional principle, satire, may be seen as the social purgative which preserves the *status quo* by means of socially acceptable, tension-releasing laughter. This aspect of comedy-as-purgative is traceable in Albert Cook's comments (previously cited) on the social function of comedy.

Concerning Lewis's theories about comedy and satire (what he called "The Art of Laughter"), Elliott writes:

Throughout most of *Men Without Art*, . . . Lewis ignores conventional meanings and assigns his own. The book is a defense of satire, he says, but: "to 'Satire' I have given a meaning as wide as to confound it with 'Art'. So this book may be said to be nothing short of a defence of art -- as art is understood in the most 'highbrow' quarters today" (p. 10). Justification of this usage is complex and is rooted in Lewis' theory of the "external" in art. . . He loathes the art of the inside: the internal monologue of Joyce and Woolf, the Stein-stutter, the squishiness of Proust and Lawrence. "Dogmatically . . . I am for the Great Without, for the method of *external* approach -- for the wisdom of the eye rather than that of the ear". The rigid, articulated skeleton as opposed to the moil and mess of the inside. Satire is pre-eminently an art of the outside, according to Lewis, and for him an art of the outside may easily be extended to "Art". "The *external* approach to things belongs to the 'classical' manner of apprehending . . . as for pure satire -- there the eye is supreme". The way of satire is the way of art -- the best way to achieve "those polished and resistant surfaces of a great externalist art . . . "

The medium of satire is laughter, says Lewis -- not the laughter of *Punch* or gentle parody or the characteristic English sense of humour; these Lewis loathes -- but a bitter, cold, *tragic* laughter in accord with satire's cruelty and its destructiveness. Lewis sometimes speaks of satire as a hybrid form, standing midway between tragedy and comedy, a "*grinning* tragedy, as it were. Or . . . a comedy full of dangerous electrical action, and shattered with outbursts of tears". But the emphasis is on the tragic.²⁷

It is important to note, in this passage, Elliott's assertion concerning Lewis's definition of satire, that "the emphasis is on the tragic."

This assertion is in no way affected by Elliott's pinpointing of the contradictions inherent in Lewis's equation of "Satire" with "Art,"²⁸ or by his rejection of Lewis's claim to a lack of any moral purpose in writing satire. And, just as Elliott's recognition of the tragic element in Lewisian satire forms one of the conclusions in his essay, so we may conclude that, though as a theorist of satire Lewis may have been inconsistent, nonetheless the *function* of laughter in his work remains intact. The function of laughter, we may say, is, in Lewis's writing, as a part of the critical apparatus, a kind of *meaningful form*, basic to the structure of the polemic. The function of laughter in Lewis also is concerned

with tone; in fact, our interpretation of Lewis's tone will depend very much on our understanding of the function of laughter in his work. And, unless we understand correctly Lewis's tone in writing, we shall miss the whole point of most of his work, and particularly of his Polemic. (Hence, perhaps, such striking misinterpretations of his work, as that exemplified in Gawsworth's comments on *Paleface*.)²⁹ The tonal function of laughter in Lewis's writing has to do with a balancing of feeling, and a controlling and channelling of reader-response which makes Lewis's use of comedy a direct product of satire. Comedy and satire remain, then, the principle elements in the Lewisian Polemic -- but these are comedy and satire as they have been defined in the past few pages, that is, as elements at no time pure or unadulterated by the stuff of tragedy. Certainly, there is little ostensible relation between comedy and the basic principle of Polemic -- its didacticism and its argumentativeness. But as we use the word "Comedy" here advisedly, and according to the definitions explored in the preceding pages, it is, after all, not too difficult to discern the relation between this type of understanding of comedy and the understanding of the principle of polemic. And, if the eternal concept of instructing while diverting (espoused by Horace, genius of the ironic mode), is to be taken into account as one factor in Lewis's bag of tricks, we must recognize the force and function of irony in Lewis as part of the role of laughter in the Polemic. And just as we have defined tragedy and comedy as two *forms* of a basically similar *content*, we may see, in the Lewisian Polemic, these two forms as the two sides of one coin; the measure of the distance which links the two is *irony*.³⁰

Critiques in *Paleface*

In reading *Paleface*, or any of the pieces comprising the Lewisian Polemic, it is essential for a true understanding of tone and point-of-view, to grasp the functional role of irony within the structure of the work with which we are dealing. Thus, in the following passage (from *Paleface*), we may trace an example of the use of the ironic tone, the staccato crescendo to which the passage ascends being evocative of the scorn underlying the meaning of the words; the ironic tone is followed, here, by the sharp contrast of a cool appraisal of a totally different aspect of the subject. The subject is, of course, the sort of romantic effusion which one may feel, with Lewis, is unfortunately typical of the novelist Sherwood Anderson.³¹ In this passage, entitled "What ho! Smelling Strangeness," Lewis analyses Anderson's romanticizing of the coloured races *and* of what was traditionally regarded as the height of sexual exoticism -- namely, inter-racial sexuality:

Or let's return to "that Gauguin" -- he is, after all, the goods -- though he did go to the South Seas, whereas for half the money he could have stopped right here in New Orleans, and "flashed up" just as good a brand of Darkie (if that was all he wanted) -- "Do you remember the night when that Gauguin came home to his little brown hut and there, in the bed, was the slender brown girl waiting for him? Better read that book. '*Noa-Noa*', they call it. *Brown mysticism in the walls of a room, in the hair* -- of a Frenchman, in the eyes of a brown girl. Noa-Noa. *Do you remember the sense of strangeness?* French painter kneeling on the floor in the darkness, smelling the strangeness. The brown girl smelling the strangeness. Love? What ho! Smelling strangeness."

Love, What ho! it is indeed: for it *smells strangeness*, which is the essence of romantic love, as of every other form of romance. We here get the full flavour of the clumsy and rather drab exoticism of Mr. Anderson. The "brown mysticism" of Gauguin's dusky mistresses he wishes to transport into the Mississippi, and create a *Noa-Noa* upon its flood. And Niggerland shall henceforth be their Pacific, for those inland populations that have never seen the sea, and each man be a Gauguin in his own back-yard.

§17. The 'Poetic' Indian

There is an important feature of the teaching of Mr. Sherwood Anderson with which I am much in sympathy. This he inherits too from Mr. Walt Whitman. But it is flatly contradicted by the communism of the rest of his work. I refer to his eloquent opposition to the influences of industrial life -- to the killing of life and natural beauty that that entails. . . .³²

If we have consulted Sherwood Anderson's texts to check Lewis's response to them, we shall probably be feeling somewhat relieved at this point, that someone has injected some humour into the reading of Anderson's words, which have been so earnestly, so relentlessly, humourless. And, though Lewis's humour may be as sardonic as his reading of Anderson is ironic, certainly we may feel that any amount of this humour is blessed, since Anderson, so earnestly, stumbles upon truisms, with complete, humourless, *lack* of awareness.³⁴ Of course, were we speaking from the viewpoint taken by D.H. Lawrence in his description of the Mexican Indians, in his *Mornings in Mexico*, we would not appreciate Lewis's humour. Here, Lawrence apotheosizes the Indians, stressing what he regards as their imperviousness to anything outside themselves -- their very *senselessness*, as *he* sees it, that is -- as being their major virtue. This, like many of Lawrence's pungent outpourings, may leave us somewhat bemused, if we were not already acquainted with the Lawrentian preoccupation with the process called "myth-making," evinced also, for example, in works like *The Plumed Serpent*, or *Women in Love*. Thus, when Lawrence describes the Mexican Indian as standing, "Face lifted and sightless, eyes half closed and visionless, mouth open and speechless, the sounds arising in his chest, from the consciousness in the abdomen,"³⁵ we are being given an exposition of the peculiarly Lawrentian stress on what we may call sensuality, and what Lewis calls "a visceral consciousness."³⁶

But, as Lewis points out, "A 'consciousness in the abdomen' or a visceral consciousness (which otherwise is 'sightless', 'visionless', and speechless') is what we commonly should call *unconsciousness*." In short, Lawrence, with the vulgarity of the tourist-brochure-writer, or "as a servant of the great philosophy of the Unconscious,"³⁷ has given a picture of the Mexican Indian as something primarily delightful to Lawrence himself, a being totally without either individuality or intellect. Perhaps it is Lawrence's sweeping denial of the individuality of another human being -- in this case, of his chosen idol, the Indian -- which strikes us with the most chilling fear; certainly, in view of the fact that Lawrence means himself to be taken absolutely seriously (one thing that is lacking in all of Lawrence's work, from short stories, through novels, to poetry, is humour), we may find ourselves agreeing with Lewis's summing up:

. . . For Mr. Lawrence is, in full hysterical flower, perhaps our most accomplished english communist. He is *the natural communist*, as it were, as distinguished from the indoctrinated, or theoretic, one.³⁸

And it is unnecessary to read *The Communist Manifesto* to agree that humour does not find its place in this ideology. Certainly, if we are interested in the awareness of human individuality, and the value of this attribute (often arrived at through the instrumentality of humour), D.H. Lawrence may leave us unsatisfied, whether we operate from the position of *Paleface* or not.

Ernest Hemingway, as he manifests himself in the writing of *Torrents of Spring*, remains somewhat enigmatic. What may have struck us in reading the work of Lawrence and Anderson was their mutual exclusion from their respective viewpoint, of the ironic vision. In much of his

work, and also in the stance he took in the pursuits of his own life, Hemingway is a romantic figure, that is, he often appeals to the least realistic side of us. And though Hemingway seemed, in both his writing and his personal life, to be in many senses in search of the ideal of *machismo*, this search was not unaccompanied by an ironic awareness of what he was doing. Thus, the title, *The Sun Also Rises*, which Hemingway gave to the novel *Fiesta*, may be seen as an expression of this ironic awareness; in this sense, it is almost as if Hemingway, *the* man pursuing the cult of *machismo*-- from bull-fighting to numerous love-affairs, understood the limitations even of *machismo*, realizing that life goes on, and the sun too rises. It is, in fact, almost as if this man *may* *macho* -- the epitome of masculinity -- realized not only the limitations of masculinity but also of humanity, and consequently was able to parody the "tale told by a fool," by parodying himself. In Lewis's analysis of *Torrents of Spring*,³⁹ and in his claim that Hemingway was in fact parodying Anderson, we may find a fairly logical corollary to the preceding claims concerning Hemingway as self-caricaturist, and ultimately, as latent ironist. Where we may find *no* laughter in *Dark Laughter*, and even less (if this were possible) in the Lawrentian *Mornings in Mexico*, we may perceive a smile hovering, Bogart-style, around the lips of Mr. Hemingway, especially as he observes the torrents of spring.

Paleface and *Dark Princess*

Hopefully, we have seen that humour, in the form of satire, provides an essential key to the reading of the Lewisian Polemic, particularly as it appears in *Paleface*.⁴⁰ Whether or not we accept Lewis's observations

about the *Dark Princess* remains debatable -- and the debate concerning these observations will throw light on both Du Bois's work and the Paleface Polemic. However, if we read the texts of Anderson, Du Bois, and Lawrence, *vis-à-vis* the Lewisian Polemic with its apparatus of functional comedy, certain points about these authors' work may emerge. These points are concerned with the absence of humour in the writings of these authors, as opposed to the meaningful presence of humour and irony in the Paleface Polemic. Certainly, this comment approaches only one aspect of the work of these writers, but in view of what we have defined as the functional comic-satiric element in the Lewisian Polemic, it remains an aspect worth mentioning, whatever may be our other reactions to Lewis's critiques of these writers.

It will be noted that, in the following pages, a more detailed examination will be made of Du Bois's *Dark Princess*, and Lewis's critique of this book, than has been made of the texts of Anderson and Lawrence. This indulgence is justified, we feel, by the fact that, in our view, the content of Du Bois's novel presents the precise obverse of the Paleface Polemic, by virtue of Du Bois's lack of awareness of the myths which he himself is perpetuating through writing the *Dark Princess*. The nature of these myths, and the unquestioning manner in which they are perpetuated, define the limitations of Du Bois's vision as writer and thinker.

Because of its insistently "important" subjects -- which Lewis describes sardonically as a "mixture of the Oppenheim detective-story and World-Politics"⁴¹ -- the novel *Dark Princess* presents a peculiar dilemma to the reader: because of the breadth of human experience

ostensibly the subject of Du Bois' attention, his *failure* to approximate with any accuracy or fidelity this level of experience, becomes no mere failure of the ironic vision -- it becomes something far more poignant, a failure of sensitivity. This point is demonstrated in the most obvious way in our portrait of Matthew, as he listens, incensed, to the smirks of the Princess's unsolicited admirers in the cafe in Berlin; it is demonstrated with a less obvious, but more revealing, painfulness, in Du Bois' portrait of Matthew's wife, Sara. In the latter instance, it is Du Bois' very *lack of awareness* of the true implications of the picture he paints of human relationships which stamps his work with a disturbing authenticity. These two examples respectively provide, at different levels, illustration of the failure of vision which is contingent upon the absence of the comic element in certain forms of writing. They also provide, by extension, an illustration of the relevance of the comic medium as a particular form which lends meaning and perspective to a work by its presence, and which, by its absence, reveals the relative depth or superficiality of the vision of the writer. By contrast, also, they provide added perspective for our interpretation of the function of the art of laughter as employed by Lewis.

In the first example, we are given by Du Bois a picture of Matthew shortly after his apocalyptic first sight of the Princess in the cafe in Berlin. From a purely structural point-of-view, Du Bois would appear to have constructed this whole incident with admirable skill -- his extravagant prose, revealing Matthew's enchanted reaction to the Princess, describes a crescendo of mounting excitement, which is

not climaxed, we may note in the following quotation, by a single climax, but is instead punctuated by a series of anti-climactic details. These anti-climaxes are no less striking because they are, upon final analysis, quite unconsciously thrown in. To illustrate this point, it is worthwhile to quote at some length from the text.

. . . God -- he was lonesome. So utterly, terribly lonesome. And then -- he saw the Princess!

Many, many times in after years he tried to catch and rebuild that first wildly beautiful phantasy which the girl's face stirred in him. He knew well that no human being could be quite as beautiful as she looked to him then. He could never quite recapture the first ecstasy of the picture, and yet always even the memory thrilled and revived him. *Never after that first glance was he or the world quite the same.*

First and above all came that sense of color: into this *world of pale yellowish and pinkish parchment, that absence or negation of color*, came, suddenly, a glow of golden brown skin. It was darker than sunlight and gold; it was lighter and livelier than brown. It was a living, glowing crimson, veiled beneath brown flesh. It called for no light and suffered no shadow, but glowed softly of its own inner radiance.

Then came the sense of the woman herself: she was young and tall even when seated, and she bore herself above all with a singularly regal air. She was slim and lithe, gracefully curved. Unseeing, past him and into the struggling, noisy street, she was looking with eyes that were pools of night -- liquid, translucent, haunting depths -- whose brilliance made her face *a glory and a dream*.

Matthew pulled himself together and tried to act sensibly. Here -- here in Berlin and but a few tables away, actually sat a radiantly beautiful woman, *and she was colored*. He could see the faultlessness of her dress. There was a hint of something foreign and exotic in her simply draped gown of rich, creamlike silken stuff and in the graceful coil of her *hand-fashioned* turban. Her gloves were hung carelessly over her arm, and he caught a glimpse of slender-heeled slippers and arm, and sheer clinging hosiery. There was a flash of jewels on her hands and a murmur of beads in half-hidden necklaces. His young enthusiasm might overpaint and idealize her, but to the dullest and oldest she was beautiful, beautiful. Who was she? What was she? How came *this princess* (for in some sense she must be royal) here in Berlin? Was she American? And how was he --

Then he became conscious that he had been listening to the words spoken behind him. He caught a slap of American from the terrace just back and beyond.

"Look, there's that ducky again. See her? Sitting over yonder by the post. Ain't she some pippin? What? Get out! Listen! Bet you a ten-spot

I get her number before she leaves this cafe. You're on! I know niggers, and I don't mean perhaps. Ain't I white. Watch my smoke!"

Matthew gripped the table. All that cold rage which still lay like lead beneath his heart began again to glow and burn. Action, action, it screamed -- no running and sulking now -- action! There was murder in his mind -- murder, riot, and arson. He wanted just once to hit this white American in the jaw -- to see him spinning over the tables, and then to walk out with his arm about the princess, through the midst of a gaping, scurrying white throng. *He started to rise, and nearly upset his coffee cup.*⁴²

In this extract, Du Bois' prose builds up to what might have been expected would be a climax of action, expressing Matthew's star-struck response at his sight of the woman whom he has accurately assumed is a princess. (It is unnecessary to point out the fortuitous nature of Matthew's assumption with regard to Kautilya's status.) However, where one might expect incisive action on Matthew's part, in reaction to the rage of racial pride which engulfs him as he listens to the self-satisfied remarks of the American in the cafe, Du Bois treats us, instead, to a very mundane detail, which is in sharp contrast to the preceding lyrical prose describing Matthew's vision in the cafe: he gets up carefully, and as he does so, he almost spills his coffee. Normally, we might expect the triviality of this detail to embody some kind of statement about the preceding action -- but, in the *Dark Princess*, this kind of expectation is frustrated: Du Bois is *not* being ironic, and the contrast described above is by no means an ironic commentary upon the action. This is absolutely straight prose, absolutely straight Du Bois, and the story continues, with no indication of tonal change:

Then he came to himself. No -- no. That would not do. Surely the fellow would not insult the girl. . . .⁴³

It is noteworthy that it is the same writer who wrote the preceding description of the startling beauty of the dark-skinned princess which he

opposes to what he describes as a dull background of whiteness in her European surroundings, who also wrote the following passage:

"You seem -- anxious," said Matthew.

"I am," said the Indian. "You do not realize how our hopes for Bwodpur centre on the Princess: an independent sovereignty about which a new Empire of India might gradually gather. Then, her eager and inexperienced mind, reaching out, leapt beyond to All India and All Asia; gradually there came a vision of all the Darker Races in the World -- everybody who was not white, not matter what their ability or history or genius, *as though color itself were merit*"44

Now, in Matthew's description of the Princess, it is impossible to deny that Matthew's strongest reaction is to her as one of his own color -- her specifically dark beauty is stressed very much in opposition to the white skins of the people surrounding her -- people whom Matthew regards as presenting an "absence or negation of color."⁴⁵ And, just as Kautilya's darkness, her color, is represented in the initial vision of her, as being very much the essence of her beauty, so we may look somewhat askance at the rejection of color for its own sake, inherent in the quotation above. Again, we find ourselves with a truism trotted out with the unconsciousness and lack of understanding with which clichés are generally used; and this sort of inner conflict of consciousness within the content of the text constitutes one of the chief limitations in Du Bois' work. This point will be further explicated by comparison of Matthew's differing views of, and relationships with (as well as responses to), Sara (his wife), and the princess, respectively. In this contrast of response and viewpoint, we find the most striking example of the ambiguous and limited nature of Du Bois' vision, for he seems to see (judging from his descriptions) the complexity of Sara's position, while never giving any indication of the realization (which one might

imagine would logically accompany his portrait of Sara), that her position is rendered all the more complex, invidious, and futile, by virtue of Matthew's very limited range of reaction to her -- a reaction whose limitations are thrown into relief when seen in the light of his reaction to Kautilya. In other words, Du Bois has cast Sara as villainess; and yet he describes his villainess with a comprehensiveness which seems to include pathos, and which, in another writer's work, might well have indicated the double awareness which marks the ironic vision. The following description of the chaotic end of what was to have been a triumphant political manoeuvre and merger on behalf of Matthew's political career, taken from the point after Matthew's unexpected departure with Kautilya, is particularly representative of the ambiguity which marks Du Bois' description and characterization of Sara:

Sammy's world was tottering, and looking upon its astonishing ruins he could only gasp blankly:

"What t'hell!"

Never before in his long career and wide acquaintanceship with human nature had it behaved in so fantastic and unpredictable a manner. Never had it acted with such incalculable and utter disregard of all rules and wise saws. . . .

"What t'hell!" gasped Sammy, groping back to the empty house. Then suddenly he heard the voice of Sara.

He found her standing *stark alone, a pitiful, tragic figure* amid the empty glitter of her triumph, with her flesh-colored chiffon and her jewels, her smooth stockings and silver slippers. *She had stripped the beads from her throat, and they were dripping through her clenched fingers. She had half torn the lace from her breast, and she stood there flushed, trembling, furious with anger, and almost screaming to ears that did not hear and to guests already gone.*

"Haven't I been *decent*? Haven't I fought off you beasts and made me a living and a home with my own hands? Wasn't I *married like a respectable woman*, and didn't I drag this fool out of jail and make him a man? And what do I get? *What do I get?* Here I am, disgraced and ruined, mocked and robbed, a laughing-stock to all Chicago. What did he want?

What did he want? What did the jackass want, my God? A cabaret instead of a home? A whore instead of a wife? Wasn't I true to him? Did I ever let a man touch me? I made money -- sure, I made money out of politics. What in hell is politics for, if it isn't for somebody to make money? Must we hand all the graft over to the holy white folks? And now he disgraces me! Just when I win, he throws me over for a common bawd from the streets, and a mess of dirty white laborers; a *common slut stealing decent women's husbands*. Oh --"

Sammy touched her hesitatingly on the shoulder and pleaded: "Don't crack, kid. Stand the gaff. I'll see you through."

But she shrank away from him and screamed: "Get out, don't touch me. Oh, damn him, damn him! I wish I could horsewhip them; I wish I could kill them both."

And suddenly Sara crumpled to the floor, crushing and tearing her silks and scattering her jewels, drawing her knees up tight and gripping them with twitching hands, burying her hair, her head and streaming eyes, in the crimson carpet, and rolling and shaking and struggling with strangling sobs.

While without gray mists lay thin upon a pale and purple city. Through them, like cold, wet tears dripped the slow brown rain. The muffled roar of moving millions thundered low upon the wind, and the blue wind sighed and sank into the black night; and through the chill dripping of the waters, hatless and coatless, moved two shapes, hand in hand, *with uplifted heads, singing to the storm.*⁴⁶

The contrasts indicated by the underlined passages speak for themselves of the difference in the treatment given by Du Bois to Sara and Kautilya respectively. And, somehow, though she has been painted as villainess, one cannot help feeling sorry for Sara, as she lies on the floor, gnashing her teeth in the ultimate frustration of her dreams of an illustrious future for Matthew and for herself, after Matthew's dramatic and very public reconciliation and departure with the Princess. In a sense, one may feel, Sara was really out of her league in competing -- however unwittingly -- with the princess. In fact, it is fortunate for Sara that she did not really *love* Matthew, but merely regarded him as another investment, potentially another beautiful status symbol. Otherwise, her frustration and futility would have been absolute. Sara's

incapacity for love (as Du Bois depicts her in the role of wife to Matthew) is, moreover, itself a symptom of their pitiful insecurity -- an insecurity which is fostered in the Black Woman by her man's latent rejection of her, for this is precisely what Matthew's choice of the Indian Princess represents. All this, however, has been dropped by Du Bois with total unwittingness and unconcern -- the writer is quite unaware of the dimensions of the implications in his self-admitted "Romance."⁴⁷ It is this very lack of awareness which leads to the terrible gap of ambiguity in the novel (and the word "ambiguity" is here used in direct opposition to the word "ambivalence," which denotes a certain amount of awareness and accompanying control). This gap might have been filled in the work of a more conscious writer by humour and irony and the deeper and contrasting visions which they embody. However, in the case of Du Bois' *Dark Princess*, we are left with the dissatisfied feeling engendered by a writer who is in conflict with, and out of control of, his subject, since ambiguity is not the mark of an artist who is in control of his medium or subject. After all, then, we may find it unnecessary to debate with Lewis, since we may conclude that in the *Dark Princess*, we have been faced with a book which presents what Du Bois himself called a "color line within a color line,"⁴⁸ as symbolized by the protagonist's choices and the implications of these choices. Thus, when Lewis sums up his objections to the book, whether we are speaking from a viewpoint adopted from *Paleface*, and especially if we are aware of the horror of a world society polarized by elitism and racism, of whatever type or colour, we may well agree that ". . . it is this that is unfortunate: the mere reversal of a superiority --

a change in its *colour*, nothing more -- rather than its total abolition.⁴⁹

Conclusion

Admittedly, these are only limited observations on the works by Anderson, Hemingway, Du Bois, and Lawrence brought into focus by *Paleface*; they are, however, observations provoked by both the form and content of *Paleface*, the form (irony and laughter) by its presence or absence holding a key to content, both in Lewis, and in the writers with whom he deals in *Paleface*.

Chapter Four

PALEFACE -- THE POLEMIC OF DISALIENATION

The *Paleface* Polemic

In a sense, any piece of writing concerning freedom is political; however individualized may be the plane of discussion of this topic, there inevitably appears a larger, wider, a political level. (This statement assumes the widest possible meaning for the word "political," of course.) Of the sister-spirit of freedom, independence, Lewis says:

. . . our dependence or our independence is, I should say, an organic phenomenon, a matter of concentrations and dispersions, which we familiarly regard as the 'personal' attributes, when they become highly concentrated. As to political independence, or political 'freedom', it has very little to do with personality, and so, in a fundamental sense, very little to do with independence. Political independence is the gift of a society, whereas independence of character, or the being a person, is a gift of nature, to put it shortly. That gift is held for our natural life, irrespective of function. A person can only be 'free' in the degree in which he is a 'person': and if the most potentially effective and wisest members of a given society are obscured or rendered ineffective, then it can only mean that that society is about to perish, as an organism, for it cannot survive in a condition in which what is most vital in it is obscured or not permitted to function.¹

Independence of character may well be subject to political independence, since, within a totalitarian regime, personal independence may present an unforgivable challenge to the State. However, within the dialectic of Lewis's stress on the individual personality as one of the highest human values, it is not surprising that personal individuality or independence of character is regarded as the foundation and absolutely essential basis of a free society. It is this theory concerning the value of individual independence which is basic to the writing of *Paleface*, and

which is both a point of departure for Lewis's writing, as well as a constant point of reference. By extension of this concept of individual freedom, we may add that *Paleface* is concerned with the necessity for the individual to be free from guilt, self-hatred, and group-intoxicants, as well as from prejudices of the most subtle kinds, since prejudice is, by definition, a denial of freedom both to the individual who is judged in advance (regardless of his individual worth), and to the one who is making judgements without thought or spontaneity.

Technically, the book is divisible into two parts -- the first concerned with abstract criticism of the attitudes to race which Lewis found predominant among his fellow-Palefaces, an attitude which he saw as tainted by a cult of romanticism which excluded and curtailed the individual's true appreciation of himself and of others. And, logically, since we cannot truly respect others if we do not truly respect ourselves, Lewis asked for a less romantic and more *honest* appreciation of other races, based upon the initial principle of self-acceptance. Thus Lewis states:

. . . I am really driven into the position of the Devil's Advocate to some extent (the devil or villain-of-the-piece being now of course the overbearing, stupid, wicked *Paleface* as seen by the conventional revolutionary tract) by the excesses of the anti-Whites -- not, I am afraid, from what I have called *esprit de peau*. But flung violently into that diabolical position, I did I must say at first find myself developing what was a sort of *esprit de peau*, of a quite respectable dimension. . .

As a consequence of these personal experiences of mine (to which I have had to call a halt, but which I shall not forget) I really believe that we could, if we wanted to, get up quite a fellow-feeling for our fellow *Palefaces*. What I fear is that as things stand at present it would immediately result in our looking askance at our Black and Yellow brothers: for everybody has been so long indoctrinated with intolerant attitudes of mind, that dogmatical mechanical reversals have become the only way that the average Paleface is now able to express himself at all.

So when it suddenly became plain to the enlightened Paleface what admirable people the White Europeans, his brothers and sisters, were (how far more significant to an unprejudiced and romantically-rotted outlook the Paleface girl was than the average coloured lady), he would turn with an unsocial or even anti-social animosity upon the simple-hearted African, who is in no way responsible for all these "Dark Princesses" or the Colour phantasies indulged in by the Borzoi big-guns and some others.

As far as I am concerned I would rather have things as they are than provoke in any way a reaction of intolerance. But there is no fear of that for the moment; and when the reaction comes, as it must, I hope that what I shall have had to say will serve to make its manifestations less ridiculous, and to offer some resistance to the colour-blind fanatic who can only see one colour at a time, as it were, and not simultaneously embrace a walnut brown and an ivory white, as we should all be able to do with ease and conviction.

If these reactionary dangers could be conjured, then I believe that some sort of *esprit de peau* might be cultivated with advantage: for the intensive propagation of *inferiority complexes* (in the present revolutionary reversals -- and all Whites are suspect to some extent on account of their privileged position over against the Coloured Peoples) is not good for the morale of our communities and so affects us all indirectly.²

The quotation above sums up the content of the *Paleface* Polemic -- including its emphasis on the value of the individual, and the sense of the process of history. It also serves to illustrate a large part of the content of the text. The second section (roughly speaking), centres around detailed criticisms of particularly distorted manifestations -- literary, philosophical, social, and otherwise -- of modern views of almost any and everything, the attitude toward race and the popularity of race-romanticism being only one symptom. The comments on Lewis's critiques of specific writers of the era, contained in the previous chapter, centre themselves around this second aspect or section of *Paleface*. This division of the work into sub-sections is, however, purely academic, because both "sections," as we call them, are inter-dependent, since the specific criticisms of the second section are based

on the general principles outlined in the first section. These general principles, in this sense, define the framework of thought and viewpoint -- both critical and philosophical -- which forms the content of the book: it is worth our while to investigate the basic assumptions and premises which constitute this framework, and the implications contingent upon them.

In writing *Paleface*, Lewis claims that, unfortunately, our world has become "an almost purely *Ethical* Place,"³ with all relationships and attitudes defined by pre-established principles, which may not, however, be completely consistent with the reality of human experience. Thus, our consciences make not only cowards, but moreover, hypocrites of us all. Relationships and attitudes, especially inter-racial ones, are no exception to this; in fact they are defined not only by our claustrophobic ethics, but also by our contagious and widespread romanticism; as a result of this, inter-racial respect is as rare a thing as individual self-respect -- these have respectively been replaced by romanticism and self-deprecation, assisted by the people who represent the organizing political and mercenary minds, operating on the principle of Advertisement. Thus, for the individual to salvage his own self-respect, whether he is White or Black (since the quality of the previously-described attitudes and relationships is unlikely to engender respect on any side), he must stop abruptly in the track which leads toward a compulsorily-experienced Melting-Pot situation, or (perhaps worse yet), a backlash or reversal of prejudice and self-manifestation at the expense of others, and take stock. Such a process of stock-taking is the subject of *Paleface*.

Lewis realized the unfortunate truth of the fact that most human beings find it easier to react by wide sweeps from one extreme position to the other than to find any sort of mean. The mean is perhaps the most difficult position to attain if we have become indoctrinated with the philosophy of extremism which has long been the basic principle of behaviour; the pendulum of human experience historically proves that human reactions, before reaching a halt in the centre, must first traverse the two extremes. Reactionary extremities, and the ruinous results effected by the swing to extreme positions were what Lewis feared for the future of humanity. Thus the book was controlled by his astringent use of irony rather than by any appeal to the emotions, since he saw any appeal to feeling as being inevitably doomed to sentimentality. Thus, also, the method which Lewis chose involved, through irony and satire, the employment of the principle of extremes, since (the principle itself being basic to the popular mode of thought) the most effective way of making one point is often to vehemently espouse its opposite. This is part of the Lewisian tactics of perversity; this also is the direct opposite of the appeal to sentimentality, which Lewis describes in the following way:

Any idea should be regarded as 'sentimental' that is not taken to its ultimate conclusion. I propose that as a working definition of 'sentimentality'.

What is the 'ultimate conclusion' of anything? you could object. But that evocation of the distant metaphysical limit has nothing to do with a working definition: we wish for a definition that will take us, not out of sight, but to the limits of our horizon only.⁴

Suitably enough, Lewis's avoidance of the sentimental position was linked to his insistence on the need for a historically oriented point-of-view,

such an attitude providing the basis for a large part of his conclusions concerning the similarity of the positions of both "average" White and Black, in terms of mutual needs and sufferings within an economic and political power-structure which (even when masquerading under the title "democratic") remains unrelated to the truth of individual and human realities.

Taking the historical view, Lewis felt that the American Revolution marked, or, more accurately, should have marked, the moment when men realized that the subjugation of one race to another was ridiculous, in the sense that all men were now bound by the same threat of domination by the Machine, and all the financial and emotional insecurities of a Machine Age:

. . . It is true that such an event as the Civil War has been accounted for on the ground of the existence of certain economic factors; and from what we know of such events, unadulterated altruism is unlikely to have been the sole incentive. But however impure the motives that can be smelt out -- and that is seldom difficult -- the brutal physical subjection of one race to another could not co-exist with such conditions as at present obtain throughout the world. And, once that first radical emancipation effected, the race-prejudice or traditional superstition of some absolute or mystical 'superiority' could not be maintained either. Step by step the sensation that he was dealing with a being of a lower order was bound to be wormed or beaten out of the average White, for the simple reason that the average White had the same master as the average Black; and although that master's skin is more or less White, he is not a man of sentiment and he *s'en moque pas mal*, as far as the question of *skins* is concerned: what interests him is what he has to pay the hands he employs, naturally, and not their colour.⁵

Lewis, rather naïvely, as it has turned out, assumed that the shared lot of the working classes, whether Black or White, should provide a bond of unity between individuals, based on their realization that they were "in the same Boat,"⁶ and that there should logically be "no other top-dog feeling either, based on tribal or national self-feeling, or prestige of skin, which [could] survive in the heart of a wage-slave or

economic under-dog, in touch with men technically of 'inferior' races, in the same situation as himself, competing with him"7 And all this would logically have been so, had the average, of whatever colour or race been blessed with a sense of history; on the contrary, he is, without such a sense, doomed to be the victim of history. In other words:

From those early days of White conquest down to the days of the 'Poor White' (the subject of Sherwood Anderson's books), and to the present educated city-White, with his gradually crystallizing 'inferiority complex' -- the subject of this essay -- is a road of disillusionment and decline, to some extent. White Civilization, especially in America, built itself up with great rapidity into a towering Babylonian monument to Science; but the old freedom and sense of power shared by every White Man in the early days naturally was crushed, or overpowered, at least, by the great technical achievements of the same instruments that had secured him his new empire. So, if you compare that empire with the roman, for instance, it has been in his hands a remarkably short time. Today the average White Man has great difficulty in realizing how the engine has been turned against himself, and how his 'conquest' is already a thing of the past.

This slowness to understand, this indolent, instinctive, self-protective *living in the past*, or else just sheer ignorance of the World-situation today, accounts for many things: certainly it would account of an attitude of astonishment or incredulity that such a plain statement as the present one must expect to encounter. For, in a sense, it is what we all know to be the situation: and yet, when stated in so many words, and associated with a few of the things that obviously must ensue from it, it may at first, to many readers, seem fantastic.⁸

In this quotation, Lewis may be seen foreshadowing the present state of decadence into which the United States of America may seem to some to be. His stress on the racial aspects of the articulation of this decadence is precisely in keeping with the present polarization of races which has ripped that country into economic, moral, and psychic ghettos.

The themes of the role of sentimentality in the pattern of human affairs and the matter of economic inequality are brought together by reference to historical situations, in a manner which tacitly approaches

a socialist position. Economic inequality is shown to be a suffering shared by all peoples who are in the passive role within the economic power-war; in other words, the "wage-slaves" and all the other oppressed are all struggling under the same yoke -- namely the yoke of inhuman and dehumanizing privation. Thus, Lewis points out, despite the fact that the white race is accused by the revolutionary members of many societies of being the conquering classes of the world, many of its members remain subject to the most common human suffering, want:

Everybody assumes that the White Man (and that I take it does not mean a handful of magnates but the White Average) is an oppressive, overbearing, unintelligent, cruel, conceited top-dog -- obviously not in need, therefore, of a 'champion', in the way that a poor down-trodden Mexican Peon, American Negro, Chinaman or Bantu, is. This may be so: but there are hundreds of thousands of miners and their families in England today who are out of work and without the proper requirements for animal life. Against the London parks at night penniless people lie huddled in their hundreds. Our streets both day and night swarm with every variety of beggar. All these are White People, and they rule the world, suffering to a man from 'superiority' complexes. It is a paradox: for they have a strange way of testifying to their superiority!⁹

Added to this is the claim that

If there is mastery, at all events, let us confess that it is very skin-deep: employment is obtained and held under more exacting conditions than before, there is everywhere more anxiety and less freedom.¹⁰

In other words, if the race regarded as the world's conqueror, as well as the conquered races, share the same human needs and fret within the same tight framework of an unequal or imbalanced economic situation, then the question of "superiority" is removed from the colour issue -- the skin -- to the pocket or the bank-book. In the context of this fact, it is not surprising that Lewis upbraids¹¹ the pseudo-revolutionary writers of the cult of Non-Whiteness, such as Du Bois proved himself to be, for their refusal to deal adequately with the question of socialism and of

communism, since these are the logical corollary to the desire of the revolutionary thinker for a fair and equal deal for all. In short, Lewis realized the fact that, in the modern world, the destiny of a particular individual is not decided by his colour, but rather by the economics of his particular situation, since, after all, every human being and every human institution, has *its price*, so to speak. The world revolves around the dollar or its equivalent -- not around colour; the fact is attested to be true in terms of the most crucial needs for survival by E.F. Frazier's study of the *Black Bourgeoisie*.¹² Here, the delineation of spiritual emptiness and material affluence which marks the life of the Black Middle Classes also forms a portrait which typifies life within any bourgeois class, since the capacity for absorbing material comforts, without any receipt of spiritual satisfaction, is perhaps the most common association made with the term "bourgeois," but is nonetheless peculiar to no one race or colour-group. (This dilemma is, of course, as Frazier makes manifest, aggravated for the Blacks by their incapacity to espouse any but comparative values, and by the accompanying neuroses which are implicit in such a situation.) Lewis's stress on the economic nature of the dilemma which faces the world in terms of race and colour, but which is finally economically rooted, is ramified by a glance at the work of Franz Fanon. At first, the reader may find this assertion bordering on the far-fetched, since Fanon has been glorified as the writer of the handbook of Black Revolution. But, as Camus pointed out adequately, while there is a major difference between rebellion and revolution,¹³ neither can exist without the other. Thus, Fanon's writing forms the articulation of what Camus

called "Metaphysical Rebellion," without which revolution takes on the inhuman and dehumanizing form of purely historical action.¹⁴ In his essay entitled "The Pitfalls of National Consciousness,"¹⁵ Fanon delineates the role and position of the native power-structure within the post-colonial situation as that of a materialistically-orientated -- that is, bourgeois -- class, every bit as corrupt, or more so, than their colonial predecessors. This delineation gives clear support to Lewis's arguments concerning the similarity of function and position within Western class structure of the rulers and the ruled, the "haves" and "have-nots." The only difference is, of course, that these groups are not really finally definable in terms of colour (as Lewis says, that is only "skin-deep"); the remaining constant is, however, the same -- namely, a situation of economic inequality, which engenders all the natural results of the enduring of an unnatural situation. (By comparison to these realizations of Fanon and Lewis, the novel by Du Bois, previously dealt with, emerges in even more questionable light, since Du Bois flirts so coquettishly with the question of socialism -- we must remember that at Sara's ill-fated dinner-party, conflict centres around whether the leader of the box-workers' union will attend, and the leader subsequently turns out to be the Indian Princess. Within such a blind romanticism, the notions of socialism and loyalty have remained mixed. In this context, Du Bois emerges in ultimate relief as a novelist of the Black Bourgeoisie.)

Lewis, like Fanon, was aware that human disalienation was the answer to the dilemma facing a world in which human equality was only to be established in economic terms and where a burgeoning nationalism

was always to be accompanied by rampant racism. This disalienation was, Lewis hoped, to be achieved by means of the Melting Pot philosophy of society; he was painfully aware, however, that the road to the Melting Pot could not be taken in self-deprecation or self-abnegation, since these states are *per se* conditions of neurosis, and would mark no positive contribution to a unified society. To make this point, he attested with typical irony but no less meaningfulness:

As good little revolutionaries, at all events, we Palefaces have to claim our revolutionary rights -- that is my message in *Paleface*. We ask nothing better than to go over into the reformed world-order, am I not right? but we will not be *pushed* over, no, nor barked at as we go by the Big Borzois and other mongrels, or in short, march out to a chorus of Dark laughter. That, if I understand my fellow Palefaces, is the position. We are somewhat touchy about the legend of our despotisms: this is as much *our* Revolution as anybody else's. The White component in the world-combination will be of exactly the same importance, as shown by the revolutionary-weighing-in machine, as every other: but we will not be so gratuitously revolutionary as to allow the Paleface interest to weigh *less*, that is the idea. Even a White revolutionary has his rights, that is my meaning in *Paleface*.¹⁶

Lewis, however, does not deny the centuries of conquest and empire on which had been founded the sense of superiority held by White society with regard to the conquered and subjugated societies whose wealth and culture had been ravaged by the onslaught of the White world. (It is this outdated sense of superiority which Lewis attests is being turned into a sense of inferiority by the "revolutionary tracts" produced by the social reformers of our "almost purely *Ethical*" world.) The nature of the superiority complex, and the situation of rapaciousness which had been at its base, are summed up by Lewis:

As far as the Anglo-Saxon is concerned, there was never any unnecessary diffidence or lack of self-persuasion about his conquest. Whether he wiped out the 'Redskin' of America to make room for himself, captured and enslaved the Negro and put him on his plantations, or subjugated the highly civilized Hindu, he can seldom have suffered from anything in

the shape of an 'inferiority complex'. Quite the reverse, of course. He was quite sure that he was in every way a better man than the people he over-ran. He was more 'civilized', more 'moral', he was a 'gentleman', he was 'White', he was *cleaner* (that came next to his 'godliness'), he was faultlessly brave: he was, in short, of a different and better clay. Some of his enemies were brave, some 'gentleman' (like the Turk): but none possessed *all* those qualities that were his. If to succeed is what you want, and not to fail, that is the only spirit in which to effect a conquest.

The great opportunities that offered themselves to the early colonist and trader reinforced this opinion. He was repaid for his colonizing enterprise by the possession of land -- even if his family at home had never possessed an acre -- and, if not too stupid, could easily grow rich. The hard and active life made a better man of him, too, than any of his stock that remained in their country of origin. With his scientific weapons he was like a god amongst the 'heathen' and the 'poor Indian' (who worshipped stones, 'heard god in the wind', and was 'untutored' in White science). So there were substantial grounds for a sensation of superiority. A century ago the White was in full possession of a 'superiority complex', in consequence, and until the War (when all the Whites, in one glorious *auto-da-fé*, for four years did their best to kill and ruin each other) he retained it.¹⁷

Connected with the themes of socialism, the fact that economic exploitation is the present situation facing the majority of the world's population, both Black and White, and the manner in which this true situation is disguised in terms of colour or class, is Lewis's definition of a democracy as a "government by words."¹⁸ In this definition, Lewis illustrates the function of words -- and he *has* demonstrated the immense social effects of words, tendentiously used, in the form of Advertisement, in *Time and Western Man*¹⁹ -- within existing Western society as the means by which the status-quo is maintained to the benefit of the ruling classes or power-groups, by an appeal to the sentimentalities of the masses. In this context, group romanticism and every type of prejudice are obviously very important tools, since anything which can be used to dupe or hoodwink, or distract the attention from the true state of affairs are valuable in maintaining economically advantageous positions. Thus, the survival

of the colour problem can be seen in Lewisian terms as being basically a creation of words and of language. By comparison with Roman society, Lewis demonstrates the use of language by a ruling class to express platitudinous respect towards the ruled class, this complicated procedure being merely a method of maintaining a situation of inequality. Thus, terms like "sir", or "yours obediently", are merely the sentimentally-oriented expressions of an inequality which has nothing to do with either human feeling or respect, and very much to do with pragmatism. Thus, in what he terms the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat"²⁰ Lewis asserts:

. . . a minority governs a majority, often with an iron hand, either telling the majority that it is its 'servant', or, in the other case, telling the majority or Proletariat that it, the Proletariat, is sovereign, paramount, and engaged all the time in ruling itself. These . . . are all matters simply of *words*: and what I am describing is of course the sort of government that we call today a 'democracy' . . . [which] is government by words.²¹

In constructing the text of *Paleface*, Lewis has used a particular method of balancing quotation against quotation. As a result, he presents the reader with a complex of thought which develops out of the implications of the comments which the extracts quoted make upon one another (by contrast with one another). Thus Lewis starts the book with philosophical quotations, to support his initial point that ours has become a superfluously ethical world. He then continues to present extracts from the work of other writers (among whom are the novelists Hemingway, Anderson, Du Bois, and Lawrence), whose texts are of thematic importance to his thesis of self-recognition, realism and disalienation. These quotations are continually balanced against extracts from other of Lewis's own works, which are used as points of reference. While this method may

leave Lewis open to charges of tendentious quoting, it nonetheless presents the reader with a unified whole comprising both the subjects under discussion and criticism, and the standards or premises by which such criticism is made. This unified whole represents the Paleface Polemic.

Pariah and Prophet

In many senses, Wyndham Lewis was a man who lived, and thought, ahead of his time, in a manner in which, for example, William Shakespeare and William Blake also did. But he was also a human being, and because of this fact, one should not always expect his emotional development to be perfectly consistent with his mental or intellectual development. Thus, on first reading *Paleface* (and this is especially true if one ignores irony as a formative principle in the structure of the book), one may question whether Lewis's heart was in the same place as his head in the writing of this work. This possibility is perhaps at the root of those views of Lewis which see him as a racist or Fascist. There is, however, a general sense or meaning to which the word "fascist" is subject, and this has to do with mass-movements and group-thinking; obviously, the extreme value put on individualism by Lewis might contribute to fascist tendencies. In fact, Lewis is more answerable to charges of extreme individualism in approach and attitude than to any other charge, perhaps. Individualism is, however, the usual concomitant to free or honest thought in most literature. The question of the relative position of Lewis's heart and head remains a debatable one, which each reader can only answer through an honest apprehension of the function of satire and

laughter within Lewis's polemic. What we do wish to establish as undebatable in this thesis, however, is the *range* of Lewis's consciousness of the historical process, and the scope of his awareness of what the human situation -- *life* -- is, and should be all about. This range is, we feel, from an intellectual (if not always from an emotional) point-of view, very little short of masterful, in the context of the time and conditions under which Lewis was writing and thinking, as well as in the context of the social factors which must have encroached upon his thoughts, however unconsciously (since it is undeniable that such factors do affect us). In this regard, Lukács' summation of the contrast between human capacities and environment is useful:

. . . in life potentiality can, of course, become reality. Situations arise in which a man is confronted with a choice; and in the act of choice a man's character may reveal itself in a light that surprises even himself. . . . The concrete potentiality cannot be isolated from the myriad abstract potentialities. Only actual decision reveals the distinction . . .

Abstract potentiality belongs wholly to the realm of subjectivity; whereas concrete potentiality is concerned with the dialectic between the individual's subjectivity and objective reality. . . .

.
 . . . it is just the opposition between a man and his environment that determines the development of his personality.²²

Thus, it is essential to see Lewis in terms of an historical context, which included the World War and the deification of the Aryan race at the expense of the Jews during the regime of Hitler. It is also essential to define the terms on which we are evaluating his book -- that is, we should not allow the aesthetic values of literary criticism to become indefinably mixed with our own private reactions to a subject to which few are immune -- namely, the issue of racism. After all, Lewis

made himself a pariah in 1929, and something of a prophet in 1972 (as time has shown), by making certain non-extreme, practical points concerning human reaction and the issue of race and society, which even today many refuse to recognize: namely, the fact that if we have had colonialism, slavery and capitalism, we will also have their corollary, which may include Black Muslims, the Mau-Mau, the welfare state and Communism; and, if all our romantic exoticism does not include a realistic understanding of the members of another race as individuals also, then we will have negated the possibility of humane interaction, and the fury of our erstwhile dark gods and goddesses will someday take the form of another -- and perhaps black -- Swastika. To have conceived this awareness of the complexity of the human situation as it presently exists in Western society, and moreover, to have articulated it, as Lewis does in *Paleface*, constitutes not only an artistic, but also a *human*, achievement.

FOOTNOTES

Chapter One

¹R.T. Chapman, "Satire and Aesthetics in Wyndham Lewis' *Apes of God*," in *Contemporary Literature*, I, 12, (1971), 134.

²F.R. Leavis in his Richmond Lecture, quoted by W.H. Pritchard, "On Wyndham Lewis," in *Partisan Review*, XXXV, (Spring, 1968), 256.

³Graham Hough, *Image and Experience*, (London, 1960), 7, quoted by Chapman, "Satire and Aesthetics in Wyndham Lewis' *Apes of God*," 134.

⁴John Gawsworth, *Apes, Japes and Hitlerism*, 28.

⁵Wyndham Lewis, "The Caliph's Design," in *Wyndham Lewis The Artist From 'Blast' to Burlington House*, 257-261.

⁶*Ibid.*, 321-370.

⁷Cf. Chapman, *op. cit.*, and Lewis, *The Apes of God*, 490-537.

⁸*The Childermass* may here be seen as a thesis on the processes of authoritarianism -- of which Fascism was the epitome in Lewis's age. This point may be pursued by investigation of the character and function of the Bailiff as a recurring symbol for authoritarianism in this and other works.

⁹Lewis, "A Soldier of Humour," in *The Wild Body*, 3-65. The title of this short story can be seen as a paradigm for the Lewisian dualism of humour/satire used as a means of social criticism.

¹⁰See, for example, previously quoted remarks by Leavis.

¹¹Chapman, *op. cit.*, 134.

¹²Gawsworth, *Apes, Japes and Hitlerism*, 71-79.

¹³This phrase used in the sense explicated by Eric Hoffer, in *The True Believer*.

¹⁴E.W.F. Tomlin, *Wyndham Lewis*, 8.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, 29.

¹⁶Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle and the Dithyrambic Spectator*, 20-30.

¹⁷See Appendix A.

¹⁸See Appendix A.

¹⁹Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 20.

²⁰Lewis, *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*, 47-50.

²¹Lewis, *The Enemy*, I, 107; ("The Revolutionary Simpleton, Chapter XVI).

²²Cf. Introduction to *transition Forty-Eight*, (January, 1948, No. 1).

²³The mongrelization of the concept of genius is a recurring theme in *The Apes of God*, as exemplified in Zagreus' fatuous relationships with various youths. Note *The Apes*, 462 and 495-497.

²⁴Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle*, 11-12.

²⁵Lewis, *The Enemy*, Vol. I, 46-50.

²⁶Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle*, 23-24.

²⁷Ibid., vii.

²⁸*Time and Western Man* -- *The Enemy*, Vol. I.,
Paleface -- *The Enemy*, No. 2,
The Art of Being Ruled -- *The Enemy*, 3.

²⁹Lewis, *The Enemy*, Vol. I, vii-viii.

³⁰T.S. Eliot, *The Complete Poems and Plays*, 4.

³¹Cf. This sort of withdrawal to that represented in the *alienation* of Camus' protagonist in *L'étranger*.

³²Benda, *The Betrayal of the Intellectuals*, v.

³³Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle*, vii.

³⁴Lewis, *The Enemy*, Vol. I, ix.

³⁵T.S. Eliot, 142.

³⁶Lewis, *The Apes of God*, 341-362.

³⁷Lewis, *One Way Song*, "Enemy Interlude," 47.

³⁸E.W.F. Tomlin, *Wyndham Lewis*, 7.

³⁹See *Oxford English Dictionary* for derivation.

⁴⁰Tomlin, 9. *One Way Song* does not represent the only poetry Lewis has written: Cf. *Rude Assignment*, Chapter XXII.

- ⁴¹Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 55-60.
- ⁴²Ibid., 20-21.
- ⁴³Ibid., 8-10.
- ⁴⁴Ibid., 11-14.
- ⁴⁵Lukacs, *Realism in our Time*, 19.
- ⁴⁶Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle*, 126.
- ⁴⁷Lewis, *One Way Song*, 47.
- ⁴⁸Lewis, *The Wild Body*, 249-251.
- ⁴⁹Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, 85-90.
- ⁵⁰Benda, *The Betrayal of the Intellectuals*, 5.
- ⁵¹Ibid., 21.
- ⁵²Ibid., 32-33

Chapter Two

- ¹Cf. D.H. Lawrence, *Phoenix*, 517-520, for contrasting thesis.
- ²Lewis, *Men Without Art*, 106.
- ³Ibid., 106.
- ⁴Ibid.
- ⁵Cf. Lewis, *Satire and Fiction*
- ⁶Lukács, *Realism in Our Time -- Literature and the Class Struggle*
19.
- ⁷Sartre, *Essays in Existentialism*, 321-322.
- ⁸Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, vii-xii.
- ⁹Woodcock, ed., *Wyndham Lewis in Canada*, 4.
- ¹⁰Ibid., 5.
- ¹¹Sartre, *Essays in Existentialism*, 306-307.

¹²Ibid., 319.

¹³Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle and the Dithyrambic Spectator*,
122.

¹⁴Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, 79.

¹⁵Ibid., 89-90.

¹⁶Benda, *La Trahison des Clercs* (*The Great Betrayal*), 21.

¹⁷Ibid., 21.

¹⁸Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle*, 82.

¹⁹Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 20.

²⁰Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle*, 76.

²¹Cf. Sartre, *The Condemned of Altona*.

²²Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 27-29.

²³Cf. Mosse, *The Culture of Western Europe*, 341-350.

²⁴Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle*, 151.

²⁵Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 27-29.

²⁶Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle*, 3-40.

²⁷Cf. Fraulein Lipmann's arty group (*Tarr*) and the family of artists, as described by Lewis, *Tarr*, 120-149.

²⁸Lewis, *Tarr*, 122-123.

²⁹Lewis, *The Apes of God*, 490-498.

³⁰The bailiff recurs through many of Lewis's works as a symbol representing totalitarianism.

³¹Tomlin, *Wyndham Lewis*, 13-14.

³²Chipp, *Theories of Modern Art*, 456-500.

³³Lewis, *The Writer and the Absolute*, 4.

³⁴Ibid., 121 [The italics are mine.]

³⁵Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 3-10.

³⁶*Ibid.*, 11-14.

³⁷*Ibid.*, 20-21.

³⁸Cf. Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, 285-288.

³⁹Mosse, *The Culture of Western Europe*, 341-350.

⁴⁰Lewis, *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*, 52.

⁴¹Cf. Hoffer, *The True Believer*, 23-57.

⁴²Lewis, *Tarr*, 38.

⁴³Cf. Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 53-54, *The Art of Being Ruled*, 180-186.

⁴⁴Cf. Original Latinate source, meaning "blood."

⁴⁵Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 28-29. [The italics are mine.]

⁴⁶Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle*, 23-24.

⁴⁷*Ibid.*, 22.

⁴⁸Lewis, *The Diabolical Principle*, 93-97.

⁴⁹Lewis, *The Apes of God*, 288. [The italics are mine.]

⁵⁰*Ibid.*, 496-497. [The italics are mine.]

⁵¹*Ibid.*, 121-169.

⁵²Mosse, *The Culture of Western Europe*, 366-367.

⁵³Cf. Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, 369-371.

⁵⁴*Ibid.*, 371.

⁵⁵*Ibid.*, 368.

⁵⁶*Ibid.*, 378.

Chapter Three

¹Lewis, *Blast*, (June, 1914).

²Cf. Elliott, *The Power of Satire*, 231-237.

³Lewis, "The Greatest Satire is Non-Moral," *Men Without Art*, 103-114.

⁴Rosenheim, Jr., ed., *Jonathan Swift -- Selected Prose and Poetry*, 320.

⁵Lewis, *Men Without Art*, 106.

⁶Lewis, "Studies in the Art of Laughter," "Art and Patronage," (BBC Annual, 1938), 511-512.

⁷Elliott, *The Power of Satire*, 223-237.

⁸Quoted by Lawson, *The Grotesque in Recent Southern Fiction*, 6.

⁹Cook, *The Dark Voyage and the Golden Mean*, 34-40.

¹⁰Lawson, *The Grotesque in Recent Southern Fiction*, 28.

¹¹Cooper, *An Aristotelian Theory of Comedy*.

¹²*Ibid.*, 87.

¹³*Ibid.*, 261.

¹⁴Lewis, "Studies in the Art of Laughter," 512-515.

¹⁵Lewis, *The Wild Body*, 246.

¹⁶Styam, *The Dark Comedy*, 256-259.

¹⁷Lewis, *The Wild Body*, 246.

¹⁸Cf. J.V. Cunningham's *Woe or Wonder*, in which he ecclectically pursues the elements of woe and wonder as traditional and classical attitudes defining tragedy and its reception.

¹⁹Cook, *The Dark Voyage and the Golden Mean*, 34-40.

²⁰Lauter, ed., *Theories of Comedy*, 28.

²¹Elliott, *The Power of Satire*, 3-129.

²²Lewis, "Studies in the Art of Laughter," 515.

²³Elliott, 3-129.

²⁴Lauter, ed., *Theories of Comedy*, 14.

²⁵*Ibid.*, 14-15.

²⁶Cf. Burke, "Catharsis: Second View," in Sheldon N. Grebstein, ed., *Perspectives in Contemporary Criticism*, 268-283.

²⁷Elliott, *The Power of Satire*, 225-226.

²⁸Ibid., 226-227.

²⁹Gawsworth, *Apes, Japes and Hitlerism*, 21-22.

³⁰Cf. Bergson, and his claim that every comic character is a type, presented in profile to the spectator. On the other hand, the comic-pathetic hero, through irony, presents implicitly two or more sides to the spectator.

³¹Cf. Lesser, "The Image of the Father," in Wilbur Scott, ed., *Five Approaches of Literary Criticism*, 99-120.

³²Lewis, *Paleface*, 211-212.

³³Cf. Ibid., 223-232.

³⁴Ibid., 210.

³⁵Lawrence, *Mornings in Mexico*, 47.

³⁶Lewis, *Paleface*, 177.

³⁷Ibid.

³⁸Ibid., 180.

³⁹Ibid., 200-202.

⁴⁰Ibid., 29-43; 46-47; 51; 85; 273.

⁴¹Ibid., 46.

⁴²Du Bois, *Dark Princess*, 8-9. [The italics are mine.]

⁴³Ibid., 9.

⁴⁴Ibid., 300.

⁴⁵Ibid., 8.

⁴⁶Ibid., 212-213. [The italics are mine.]

⁴⁷Cf. Title page of Du Bois' novel, to which he gives the specific title, *Dark Princess -- A Romance*.

Also, compare Du Bois' portrait of the Sara-Matthew-Kautilya relationship with Cleaver's delineation of the alienation of sexuality within race-orientated society in *Soul on Ice*, 176-190.

⁴⁸Du Bois, 22.

⁴⁹Lewis, *Paleface*, 41.

Chapter Four

¹Lewis, *Paleface*, 79-80.

²Ibid., 20-21.

³Ibid., 15-16.

⁴Ibid., 248-249.

⁵Ibid., 17.

⁶Ibid., 22.

⁷Ibid., 19.

⁸Ibid., 126-127.

⁹Ibid., 23-24.

¹⁰Ibid., 24.

¹¹Ibid., 20021.

¹²Frazier, *Black Bourgeoisie -- The Rise of a New Middle Class in the United States*.

Compare Frazier's work with Jean Genet's *The Blacks: A Clown Show*, with Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*, with Franz Fanon's *Black Skin, White Masks*, and with George Lamming's *In The Castle of My Skin*.

¹³Camus, *The Rebel -- An Essay on Man in Revolt*, 246-252.

¹⁴Ibid.

¹⁵Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*, 148-205.

¹⁶Lewis, *Paleface*, 85.

¹⁷Ibid., 125.

¹⁸Ibid., 72.

¹⁹Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 11-14.

²⁰Lewis, *Paleface*, 71.

²¹*Ibid.*, 71-72.

²²Lukács, *Realism in our Time -- Literature and the Class Struggle*, 22-28.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Primary Sources

- Lewis Wyndham. *The Apes of God*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1955, (1926).
- . *The Art of Being Ruled*. London: Chatto and Windus, 1926.
- . *Blast. Review of the Great English Vortex*. London: The Bodley Head, No. I (June 20, 1914).
- . *The Caliph's Design. Architects! Where Is Your Vortex?*. London: The Egoist Press, 1919.
- . *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*. London: Methuen, 1954.
- . *The Diabolical Principle and the Dithyrambic Spectator*. London: Chatto and Windus, 1931.
- . *The Doom of Youth*. London: Chatto and Windus, 1932.
- . *The Enemy. A Review of Art and Literature*. London: The Arthur Press, Vol. I (January, 1927); No. 2, n.d.; No. 3 (1929).
- . *The Enemy of the Stars*. London: Harmsworth, 1932.
- . *Hitler*. London: Chatto and Windus, 1931.
- . *The Hitler Cult*. London: Dent, 1939.
- . *The Human Age. Book I: The Childermass*. London: Methuen, 1955.
- . *The Jews, Are They Human?* London: Allen and Unwin, 1956.
- . *Men Without Art*. New York: Russell and Russell, Inc., 1964.
- . *Paleface: The Philosophy of the "Melting Pot."* London: Chatto and Windus, 1929.
- . *The Revenge for Love*. London: Methuen, 1952.
- . *Satire and Fiction. Enemy Pamphlets, No. I*, London: The Arthur Press, 1930.
- . *Self Condemned*. London: Methuen, 1954.

- , "Studies in the Art of Laughter," the *London Mercury*, 30.180 (October 1934), 509-515.
- , *Tarr*. London: The Egoist Ltd., 1918.
- , *Time and Western Man*. Boston: Beacon Press, 1957.
- , *The Wild Body: A Soldier of Humour and Other Stories*. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company, 1928.
- , *The Writer and the Absolute*. London: Methuen, 1952.

Secondary Material

- Anderson, Sherwood. *Dark Laughter*. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925.
- Baldwin, James. *The Fire Next Time*. New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1962.
- Benda, Julien. *The Great Betrayal or The Betrayal of the Intellectuals*. trans. by Richard Aldington. London: Routledge, 1928.
- Bergson, H. *Œuvres*. Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, 1959.
- Camus, Albert. *L'étranger*. Paris: Gallimard, 1957.
- , *The Rebel: An Essay on Man in Revolt*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., and Random House, Inc., 1956.
- , *Resistance, Rebellion and Death*. trans. by Justin O'Brien. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1960.
- Chapman, Robert T. "Satire and Aesthetics in Wyndham Lewis' *Apes of God*," *Contemporary Literature*, XII. 2 (1971), 132-145.
- Chipp, H.B. *Theories of Modern Art: A Source Book by Artists and Critics*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1968.
- Cleaver, Eldridge. *Soul on Ice*. New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1968.
- Cook, Albert. *The Dark Voyage and the Golden Mean*. New York: Norton, 1966.
- Cooper, Lane. *An Aristotelian Theory of Comedy*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1922.
- Cunningham, J.V. *Woe or Wonder*. Chicago: Swallow Press, 1964.

- Du Bois, W.E.B. *Dark Princess*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1928.
- Duthuit, Georges, ed. *transition Forty-Eight*. nos. 1 - 3. Paris: Transition Press, 1948.
- Eliot, T.S. *The Complete Poems and Plays*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1952.
- Elliott, R.C. *The Power of Satire: Magic, Ritual, Art*. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1960.
- Fanon, Franz. *A Dying Colonialism*. Trans. by Haakon Chevalier. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1965.
- , *Black Skin, White Masks*. Trans. by Charles Lam Markmann. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1967.
- , *The Wretched of the Earth*. Trans. by Constance Farrington. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1968.
- Fowlie, Wallace. *Age of Surrealism*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1960.
- Frazier, E.F. *Black Bourgeoisie: The Rise of a New Middle Class in the United States*. London: Collier-Macmillan, Ltd., 1962.
- "Gawsworth, John" [Terrence Ian Fytton]. *Apes, Japes and Hitlerism*. London: Unicorn Press, 1932.
- Genet, Jean. *The Blacks: A Clown Show*. Trans. by Bernard Frechtman. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1960.
- Grebstein, Sheldon N., ed., *Perspectives in Contemporary Criticism*. New York: Harper and Row, 1968.
- Hoffer, Eric. *The True Believer: Thoughts on the Nature of Mass Movements*. New York and Evanston: Harper and Row, 1951.
- Jolas, Eugene, ed., *transition*. Nos. 7 - 20. New York: Kraus Reprint Corp., 1967.
- Kenner, Hugh. *Wyndham Lewis*. Connecticut: James Laughlin, 1954.
- Lamming, George. *In the Castle of My Skin*. London: Michael Joseph Ltd., 1953.
- Lauter, Paul, ed., *Theories of Comedy*. New York: Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1964.
- Lawrence, D.H. *Mornings in Mexico and Etruscan Places*. London: Heinemann, 1965.

- . *Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers*. London: Heinemann, 1961.
- Lawson, Lewis Allen. *The Grotesque in Recent Southern Fiction*.
Unpublished Ph.D. thesis. University of Wisconsin, 1964.
- Le Bon, Gustave. *The Crowd: A Study of the Popular Mind*. New York:
Viking Press, Inc., 1960.
- Lukacs, George. *Realism in Our Time: Literature and the Class Struggle*.
Trans. by John and Necke Mander. New York and Evanston: Harper and
Row, 1971.
- Mann, Thomas. *The Magic Mountain*. Trans. by H.T. Lowe-Porter. New York:
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1967.
- Mosse, George L. *The Culture of Western Europe: The Nineteenth and
Twentieth Centuries*. U.S.A.: Rand McNally and Co., 1961.
- Olson, Elder. *The Theory of Comedy*. Bloomington: Indiana University
Press, 1968.
- Pritchard, W.H. "On Wyndham Lewis," *Partisan Review*, XXXV (Spring 1968),
256.
- Regnery, Henry. "Eliot, Pound and Lewis," *Modern Age*, XVI. 2 (Spring 1972),
146-160.
- Rosenheim, Edward Jr., ed. *Jonathan Swift -- Selected Prose and Poetry*.
Toronto: Rinehart & Co., Inc., 1959.
- Salvemini, Gaetano. *Under the Axe of Fascism*. London: Victor Gollancz
Ltd., 1936.
- Sartre, Jean-Paul. *Essays in Existentialism*. New York: Citadel Press,
1968.
- . *La Nausée*. Paris: Gallimard, 1938.
- Scott, Wilbur. *Five Approaches of Literary Criticism*. London:
Collier-Macmillan Ltd., 1962.
- Styan, J.L. *The Dark Comedy: The Development of Modern Comic Tragedy*.
Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1962.
- Tindall, William York. *Forces in Modern British Literature: 1885 - 1956*.
New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., and Random House, Inc., 1956.
- Tomlin, E.W.F. *Wyndham Lewis*. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1955.
- Wagner, G. *Wyndham Lewis: A Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy*.
New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1957.

Woodcock, George, ed. *Wyndham Lewis in Canada*. Vancouver: University of British Columbia Publications Centre, 1971.

APPENDIX A

On *transition*

The publication *transition* appeared between the first and second World Wars. Its editor-in-chief was Eugene Jolas. Its contributing editors were Elliot Paul and Robert Sage. On its title page, *transition* claimed to be "An International Quarterly for Creative Experiment," and its contributors included such writers as Joyce, whose writing appeared in numbers 1, 11, 15, 18, 21, 25, and 27, and Gertrude Stein, contributing generously to numbers 1, 3, 6, 8, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 - 17, with two contributions in numbers 4 and 21. There were also contributions from such writers of the surrealist and *avant-garde* fronts as Marinetti (number 4), and Lautreamont (number 7). Pieces by Dylan Thomas and Kafka also appeared, as well as reproductions of the works of Hans Arp, de Chirico, Max Ernst, Paul Klee, and Picasso. The most frequent contributors to *transition* included Kay Boyle, Whit Burnett, Emily Holmes Coleman, Hart Crane, Stuart Gilbert, Eugene Jolas, Man Ray, Paul Elliot, Laura Riding, Robert Sage, Philippe Soupault, Gertrude Stein, and William Carlos Williams. Other noteworthy contributors were: Yvor Winters, Allen Tate, Archibald MacLeish, Robert Graves, Paul Eluard, Rainer Maria Rilke, Katherine Anne Porter, Malcolm Cowley, and Alexander Pushkin.

For the casual reader, the most summary of the purpose and nature of *transition* is to be found in the introduction to *transition Forty-eight*, which appeared in January, 1948. Here, the editor, Georges Duthuit, announced:

transition, which appeared between the wars, and now *transition Forty-eight* belong to the close of something -- in fact, of our civilization. To predict and measure disaster is the function of the journalist: the poet, the man who reflects and creates, moves instinctively from ends to beginnings. And beginnings are the matter here. . . .

.

It is . . . the ambition of this paper, to recover somehow the virtue that has gone out of life: to unseal the spirit of festivity; to find again the adjustment, togetherness, at-one-ment of the tavern; to return to the sense of rapture. And there, if we can translate for ourselves the quiet statement of Zen Buddhist philosophy, there, when we notice him, "there sits the old man in all his homeliness"; at home in the cell from which there was never any departure.

Those issues of *transition* in which articles concerning Lewis appeared were: numbers 8, 9, 16, 17 (which carried an article entitled "The Innocuous Enemy", by Eugene Jolas), and number 18.



PLATE I: Lewis's Design for *Paleface* Dust-Jacket

B30032